

July 30, 1908

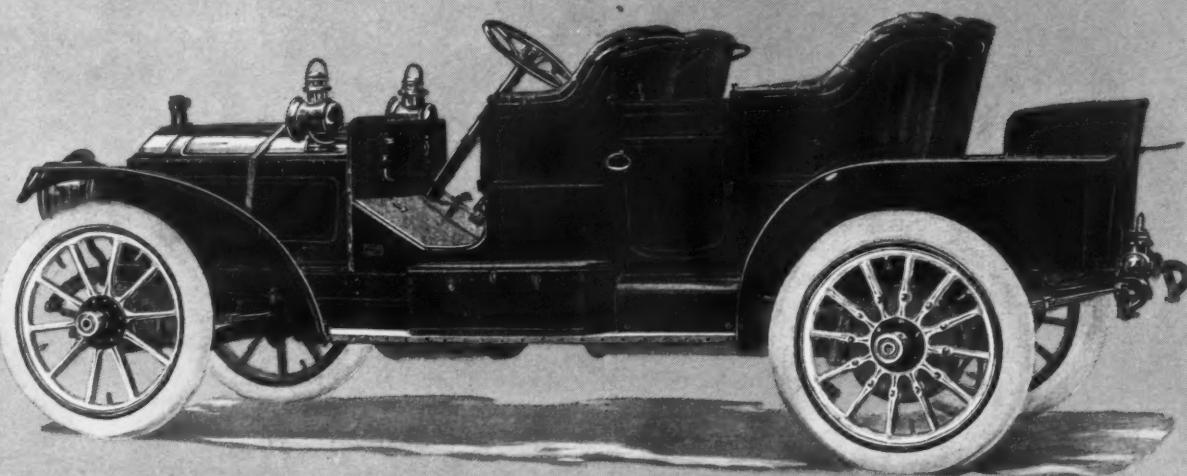
Vol. LII. No. 1345

AUGUST 6, 1908

Middle.  
PRICE, 10 CENTS



*Packard*  
"THIRTY"  
1909



Packard "Thirty" with Close-Coupled Body



Packard Motor Car Company  
Detroit, Michigan

## PRESS MAGNATES

I may state to you, what is well known to you all, that it is impossible, nowadays, to found a newspaper unless a man be a millionaire, or through a combination of capitalists who hope to be millionaires when they grow big. In getting together any combination of capitalists in any large city it is impossible to escape including in the number men who have chiefly acquired their wealth through investments in corporations based upon public franchises of one sort or another; and this being the case, we know it is only human nature that such men will insist upon the conduct of the newspaper in a way to insure the protection of their own interests. In the case of newspapers founded by men of small means in the past, and now attained unto greatness, we must remember that the founder in each instance has invested his money in exactly those enterprises which look for their success to the exploitation of the public. Thus, his interests become the special interests, and whether he will or no, in conducting his newspaper, he will have sympathy with all private interests similar to his own. Take the case of the New York *World* and Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Pulitzer has reached his present state from humble beginnings. He has conducted a great newspaper, generally speaking, along free and independent lines, and yet, when a certain popular candidate for President replies to the strictures and attacks of Mr. Pulitzer's *World*, with an inquiry concerning the railroad and other investments of Mr. Pulitzer there is none of us that fails to realize the perfect appositeness of the retort.

William Marion Reedy,  
in the *St. Louis Mirror*.

## A SARTORIAL QUESTION

Little Newman's mother had faithfully tried to answer his question in regard to death and the future life, and he had been told that when he died his soul would go to heaven.

One day he came running in from his play and in excitement cried, "Mamma, mamma, if just my soul goes to heaven, what am I going to button my pants on to?"—*Delineator*.

A DISTINGUISHED traveler and war correspondent on a lecture tour in Scotland spoke one night at a little village four miles from a railway station.

The chairman of the occasion, after introducing the lecturer as "the man wha's come here tae broaden our intellects," said that he felt that a wee bit prayer would not be out of place.

"And, O Lord," he went on, "pit it intae the heart o' this man tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gie us grace tae understand' him."

Then, with a glance at the lecturer, the chairman said, "I've been a traveler meself!"—*Youth's Companion*.

## A FEAT FOR BLONDIN

"Why don't you Republicans walk on the straight and narrow path in this tariff revision business?" asked Representative Champ Clark of Speaker Cannon.

"Champ," the Speaker replied, "that question reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.

"Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## MR. GREEN'S WATERLOO

Mr. Green had been paying four dollars a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit, or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage, and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to five dollars."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation, he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do now to eat four dollars' worth."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

FRANKLIN  
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Sensible practical automobiles for every use

16 horse-power runabout with rumble seat or hamper  
28 horse-power five-passenger touring-car and runabout  
42 horse-power six-cylinder seven-passenger touring-car and runabout  
Brougham, Landaulets, Limousines, Town-car, Taxicabs

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Type H touring-car, the most superb-riding automobile in the world, weighs under 2500 pounds. It has six cylinders. It seats seven people and leaves ample luggage room. Even as a five-passenger automobile it is better—cheaper, safer, more comfortable, than any five-passenger water-cooled automobile.

In using it you do not feel the weight. It has none of the burden and anxieties of a heavy touring-car. It is roomy and luxurious, but not ponderous—not a road-locomotive. It has the feeling and flexibility of a small automobile, and the independence that goes with it.

The question of touring is a question of comfort. The more comfort the better average speed can be made.

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Write us for the 1909 Catalogue

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N. Y.



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LIFE

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TOOTH  
POWDER

PREVENTS DECAY

# CALOX

WHITENS THE TEETH

ALL  
DRUGGISTS,  
25c

McKESSON & ROBBINS

NEW YORK

### A DISAPPOINTMENT

The old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact was so great as to be most amusing. Says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at the gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."—*Youth's Companion*.

Two belligerent appearing men faced each other.

"You're a liar."

"You're a yellow pup."

"Fight!" shrieked a small boy.

Then a crowd of curious began to gather in front of the Grant Building in upper Market Street.

"If you're looking for trouble I guess I can give it to you," hissed the "liar" between his teeth.

"You can place a bet that I intend to see things to a finish," replied the "pup," striking a fighting pose.

"Come around the corner where a cop won't bother us, then," said the first, and, war thus declared, the duo hastened around to an empty lot behind the post office, while a crowd of bloodthirsty men and boys dogged at their heels.

Arrived, the "liar" mounted a wooden platform newly built, while the "pup" dove into a dry goods box and extricated therefrom a bulging suitcase.

"While the 'doctor' gets out the packages of our magical herbs, guaranteed to cure cancer, bunions, all skin diseases, etc., I will entertain you with a few sleight-of-hand tricks," announced the "liar" in stentorian tones.

The crowd then realized that it had been gulled. A few on the outskirts slunk away, but the majority remained to fall victims to the wiles of the wily medical fakers and their cureall at "\$1 per package, and a pair of cuff buttons, warranted solid gold, thrown in."—*San Francisco Call*.

### COSTLY EYETEETH

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—*Chicago News*.

### FAITH SHATTERED

"I don't believe in that doctor."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me!"—*London Opinion*.

### HE FORGOT TO INQUIRE

**AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE:** So you want to marry my daughter. But you don't know her.

**IMPECUNIOUS DUKE:** But I will get a kind friend to introduce us.

A. M.: But you have never seen her.

I. D.: I have seen you, her father, whom she probably resembles.

A. M.: But you don't love her.

I. D.: What matters that? I but want to marry her.

A. M.: But you can't marry her—there is an insuperable obstacle to your wedding her.

I. D.: There are no insuperable obstacles to my determination.

A. M. (chuckling): This one is. I haven't any daughter.—*Baltimore American*.

# Diamond



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## CASINGS TUBES

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

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Aun' Liz  
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"I say

THE NEW BOOKS

Pray read "The Basement," by all means; a prince of story tellers  
Has written it, and I can say it's one of our best  
cellars;  
"The Almanac" is one that I can offer without fear,  
And I assure you that it is the story of the year;  
"The Broken Corset Steel" is new—just from the  
press to-day,  
They say it grips you like a vise—'tis something that  
will stay;  
And if you want a thing that lasts—that will not let  
you slumber,  
Here's something I can recommend—'tis called "The  
Green Cucumber."  
"The Newlaid Egg" they say is good—and in a cer-  
tain set  
It has tremendous vogue—I have not opened it as  
yet;  
"Days Twenty-One" is good for one who loves and  
letters seeks,  
(The book reviewers say it's quite the equal of  
"Three Weeks.")  
"The Batsman" is having quite a run—made a  
tremendous hit;  
"The Peach" is good—they say it is far better than  
"The Pit";  
They're pushing "The Lawnmower" now—it's going  
very well,  
And as for "Full Rigged Pirate Ships," they say the  
sails still swell.  
"The Germ" still holds its own—"gets in the blood,"  
the critics say;  
"The Beaten Egg" 's a stirring tale—you can't put  
it away;  
"The Coalman's Ton" is very short—indeed, so short  
and light  
You'll find that you can finish it with ease, say  
overnight;  
"The Switch" is helpful and much liked, and I have  
heard it said  
That many do not lay it by until they go to bed;  
"The Sea Dog" is a waggish thing—the true sea  
lover's friend—  
And like all dogs it has a bark and tale at either end!  
—Evening Sun.

NEW WHAT HE WAS DOING

For once the American had discovered something  
British that was better than anything that could be  
produced "across the pond." His discovery was a  
fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its  
owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the  
old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I  
couldna pairt wif' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist  
came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for  
much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the  
Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna pairt  
wif' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna  
swim the Atlantic."—Detroit Free Press.

UP FROM FLORIDA

Martha, endeavoring to instruct a would-be house-  
keeper in the mysteries of pudding making, was  
overheard:

"Yer jes' takes some bread en"—

"But how much bread, Martha?"

"Oh, jes' what yer needs, Miss Min, en den yer  
puts yo' milk on it"—

"And how much milk, Martha?"

"Well, yer mus' use yer judgement 'bout dat,  
Miss Min."

"But I haven't any judgment, Martha."

"Well, de Lord he'p yer, Miss Min, 'cause I can't!"

But the best story of the winter, and of many de-  
lightful ones to be had in the South, where the old-  
fashioned negro still abounds, was the following:

"Ma, my Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawd."

"You' Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawd—you'  
Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawd! What you say  
when yo' Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawd?"

"I say, I don't keer."—Travel Magazine.

LIFE

UMC

THE SURE SIGN  
OF GOOD HUNTING

The pleasure of your hunting trip often  
depends upon your choice of shot shells. Look  
for the U. M. C. trade mark, ask for it, demand  
it, accept shells of no other make.

Whether you shoot a pump, an autoloading,  
a double or a single gun, U.M.C. shells are made by shot shell specialists to work perfectly  
in it. Cut one open and see the steel lining which strengthens the shell and protects the gun.

4 of the 6 winners at the big Grand American  
Handicap Tournament used U.M.C. shells.

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A SAFE, COMPACT AND POWERFUL RIFLE WHICH  
LOADS ITSELF AND FIRES FIVE SHOTS AS RAPIDLY AS  
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**Remington**  
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Five smashing, knock-down blows each  
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A lightning-like self-loading system — simply  
pull and release the trigger for each shot.

Its solid breech and safe safety are a guarantee against accident to the  
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Fore! A long, straight drive, the

## HASKELL-WHIZ GOLF BALL

will open the eyes of the most exacting player. . . . In Distance and Direction a little ahead of any other ball—and its good qualities do not end with the drive. Perfect balance and consistently graded liveliness insure responsiveness from any stroke. A durable ball, too—the last of all to cut, chip or grow soft. Price 50c.

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A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

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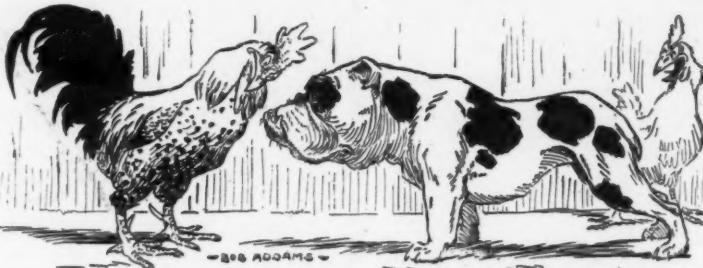
**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER**  
Richly nickelated, .22 calibre rim-fire or .32 calibre center-fire, \$6 Extra length bbl. or blued  
fire, 3-in. barrel; or .38 calibre center-fire, 3½-in. barrel, finish at slight extra cost.

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Royal Muskoka Motor Liner to Toronto

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profusely by the fragrant pines. Hay-fever unknown. Less than a  
day's journey from principal American cities, via Niagara Falls, Detroit,  
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A MUTUAL WISH

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—*Globe*.

TWAIN EMANCIPATED

Oxford University is not the only seat of learning that has conferred an honorary degree on Mark Twain. A similar tribute was paid to the famous humorist and philosopher not so many years ago by a humble institution at a sleepy Missouri village that had known him when he was playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.

It happened that the degree-conferring ceremonies took place one lazy day in June, when newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.

One Park Row news editor raked the land with a figurative fine-tooth comb and got a dry haul for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day in his native hamlet, it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation in the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:

"How does it feel to be a Doctor of Laws? Please wire answer at our expense."

After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:

"It feels like emancipation from ignorance and vice."

—*New York Times*.

APPLIED ASTRONOMY

He took me out to see the stars,  
That astronomic bore;

He said there were two moons near Mars,  
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon  
What fourfold bliss 'twould be,  
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon  
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,  
I was convinced he'd say  
That was the very kind of thing  
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went  
To double stars. Now that  
Was most suggestive, so content,  
And quite absorbed I sat.

But, no, he talked a dreary mess,  
Of which the only fraction  
That caught my fancy, I confess,  
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer  
And stupid altogether,  
For stars to keep so very near,  
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;  
I thought he'd caught the notion.  
He merely bowed good-night, and said,  
Their safety lies in motion.

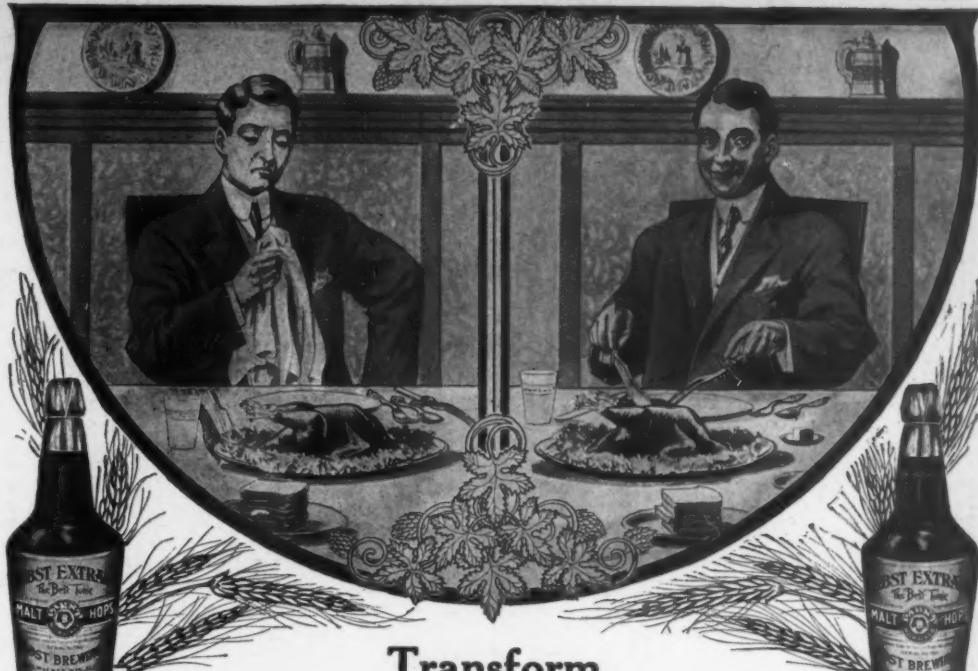
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

WHEN RILEY AND CARMAN MET

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet till comparatively recently. It was in Washington, and the Canadian Poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach, and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitting his glance to trend upward, as though analyzing a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression all inimitable drowsery, ejaculated, "Well, by jingo!" Your parents must have trained you in a rectilla."—*Saturday Magazine*.



Transform  
Dyspepsia's Gnawing  
Cravings Into Honest, Healthy Hunger

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or, what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia. If you let them go unheeded, you sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease. Before you know it you will be fast in the aggravating grip of dyspepsia—irritable, peevish and lacking in ambition and energy. You can overcome these feelings by using

**Pabst Extract**  
*The Best Tonic*

This essence of modern diet, combining the rich food elements of pure barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, is a boon to the dyspeptic. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, thus assuring a speedy return of health.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

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In "Splits" as well as regular-size bottles

C. D. EVANS & SONS, Clinton, N. Y.

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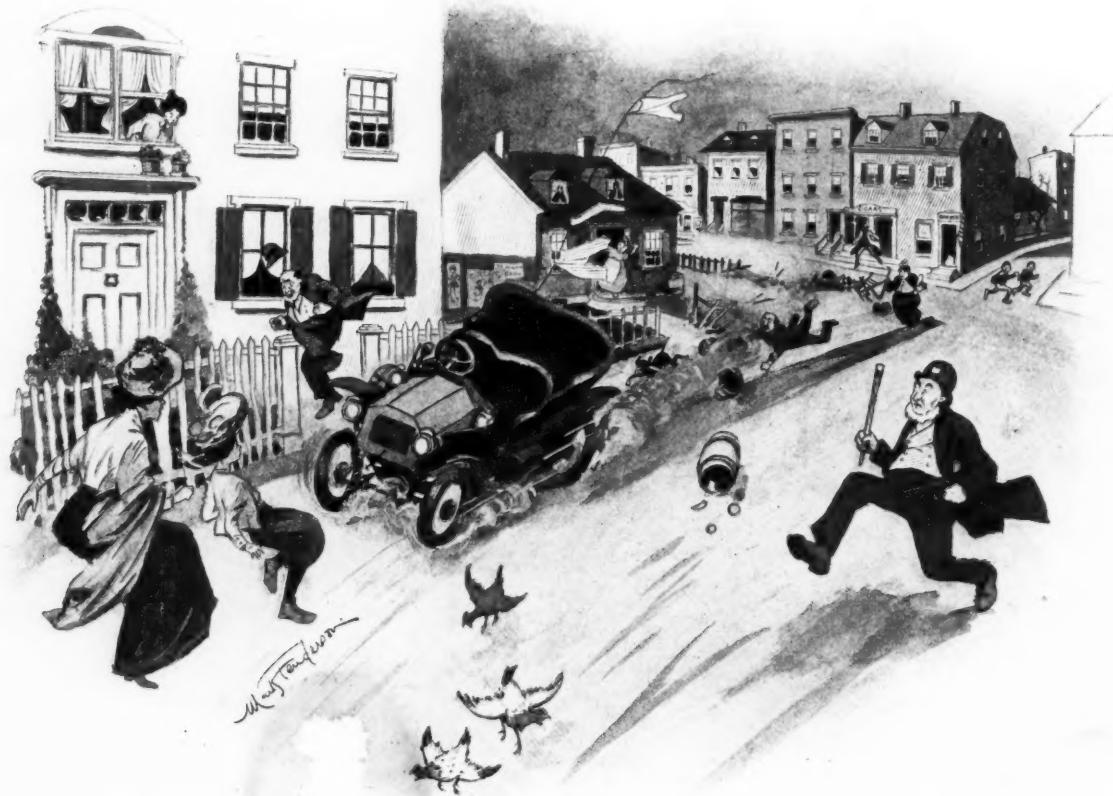


"WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT O' THEM THINGS AFTE

LIFE



O' THEM THINGS AFTER THE FUST STORM"



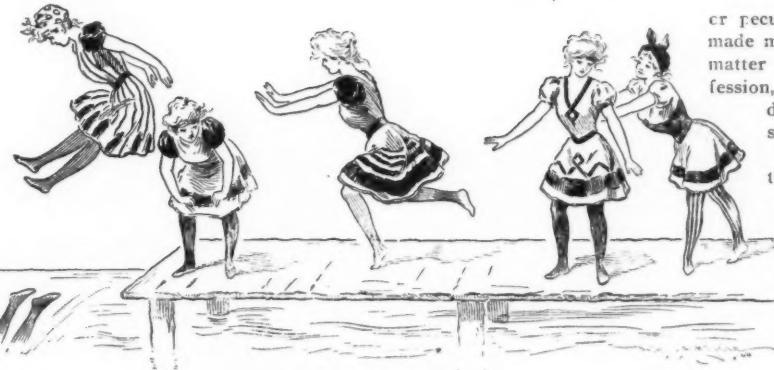
*One of the boys in the background: "NOW SEE WAT YE DONE. I TOLD YE NOT TO MONKEY WITH THEM HANDLES"*

**Chronological Review of Events in the Housekeeper's "One Year War"**

Jan. 1, Housekeeper takes command.  
 " 3, Children in arms.  
 " 15, Restrictive laws passed.  
 Feb. 9, Laws evaded.  
 " 21, Tyranny in kitchen.  
 March 2, Loss of temper.  
 " 4, Cook expelled.  
 " 5, Suffering from hunger.  
 " 6, Settlement of new cook.  
 " 7, Fortification of inner man.  
 April 12, Battle with contagious disease.  
 " 15, Surrender of disease.  
 " 30, Annihilation of microbes.  
 May 3, Dissensions with neighbors.  
 " 6, Cleaning campaign.  
 " 12 (Sunday), Religious troubles.

May 23, Revolt and defeat of governess.  
 " 24, Revenge of governess.  
 June 1, Social engagement.  
 " 3, Differences with the laundress.  
 " 4, Attack on dress materials.  
 " 4, Struggles with dressmaking.  
 " 29, Retreat of dressmaker.  
 July 1, Massacre of ants.  
 " 4, Declaration of Independence from social duties.  
 " 15, Victory of the iceman.  
 " 17, Siege against moths.  
 " 31, Oppression of heat.  
 Aug. 1, Evacuation of house for summer camp.  
 " 3, Skirmish with flies.  
 " 5, Encounter with gnats.  
 " 27, Treason among summer acquaintances.  
 Sept. 18, Return to winter quarters.

Sept. 18, Dealings with grocer and butcher.  
 " 20, Raid on mice.  
 " 20, Exploits of the cat.  
 " 20, Mice assassinated.  
 Oct. 2, Advance of prices.  
 " 4, Persecution by book-agents.  
 " 21, Disaster to china.  
 Nov. 16, Rebellion in nursery.  
 " 28, Assault on turkey.  
 Dec. 2, Difficulties with furnace.  
 " 3, Invasion by plumbers.  
 " 3, Treachery of plumbers.  
 " 9, Disastrous encounter with gas company.  
 " 11, Expedition to shopping district.  
 " 11, Capture of booty.  
 " 25, Bombardment of Christmas tree.  
 " 25, Treaty of peace.  
 " 31, Triumphant march of time and end of war.



SOMETHING NICE IN BATHING SUITS.

### All Competitors Outwitted

Fairbanks to go to the North Pole and Bring It Back, for LIFE

LIFE, with its usual enterprise, has seized the psychological opportunity.

While our competitors have been forming in line in front of the White House, offering Roosevelt one dollar a word to write up his curry-combing lion expedition in Africa, LIFE has quietly secured Fairbanks to conquer the Pole, and bring glory on the flag.

Previous attempts to push northward have been uniformly successful, the explorer in each instance having written a book, gone on a lecture tour and been dined by the Lotus Club, besides having been presented with a solid sealskin medal by the Geographical Society. The Pole—naturally—has been left where it was. Being a permanent source of income and advertisement for those whose living depended upon it, no one has before ever dreamed of actually discovering it.

The announcement of LIFE's great coup, therefore, has been met with unanimous indignation in all Arctic exploring exhibitions.

Robert Peary was seen, just as he was about to step aboard The Roosevelt with a basket of champagne in one hand and a typewriter in the other.

He said:

"I regard the encroachment of Mr. Fairbanks on our territory as a base intrusion upon sacred rights. Looking for the Pole has now become a permanent source of income to many deserving families. It is generally understood among all explorers that the actual discovery of the Pole would throw a large number out of employment, and it is a matter of honor with us never to get beyond the parallel of latitude where self-advertising would be imperilled."

"An adventurer like Fairbanks has nothing to lose. Having been Vice President of the United States for four years, he is lost to all sense of shame. I warn him that if I run across him, he will meet the fate that he so richly deserves."

This, of course, is the highest compliment for our selection, for it shows that Mr. Fairbanks is feared in the right direction.

Fritzoff Nansen, who, it may be remembered, made a fortune out of the Pole several years ago, and who is really entitled to the credit of having done more for advertising it, and originating methods to develop this great industry, was seen by a correspondent in his luxurious European Palace.

"So far as I am concerned," he said, "I have no personal

pecuniary interest in the matter. Long since I made my pile out of the American people. But as a matter of pride and human sentiment for my profession, I should hate to see a person like Fairbanks discover the Pole, and ruin my worthy successors."

These expressions of envy and dissatisfaction only add to our confidence.

The preparations have been rapidly going forward. The Fairbanks ship, "The Pole Bearer," is almost ready.

The library has been fitted up with Roosevelt's complete works, and a wine cellar has been built in the hold.

"As for me," said Mr. Fairbanks, "I have long wanted to go to a climate suited to my temperament. With a Panama hat and a linen duster, I shall meet the Pole on equal terms."

(To be continued.)

### The Ruling Thought

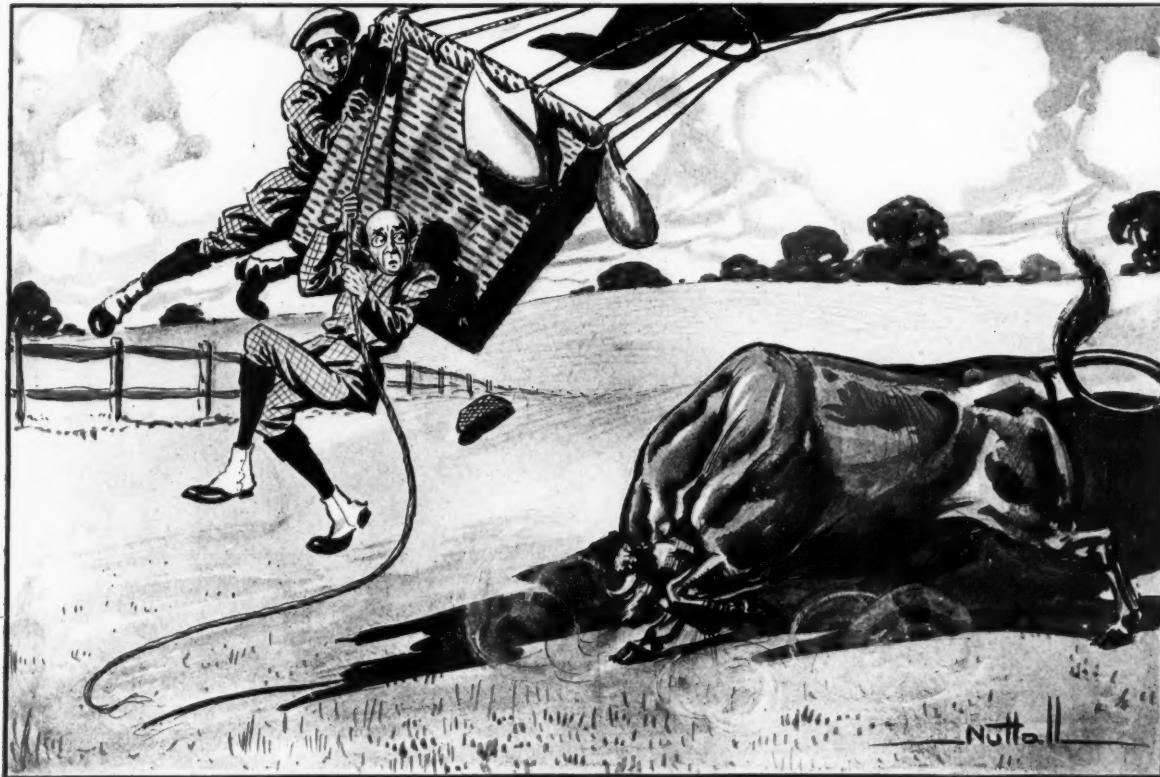
THREE men, looking for a fourth to play bridge, found a Hebrew who said that he knew how to play. Hearts were led, and the Jew discarded a club.

"Failing?" inquired his partner.

"Don't drag in business," said the Jew.



IN DARKEST AFRICA, 1909.



IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT

*Dr. Sauer (the daring balloonist): "LIE DOWN, YOU BRUTE!"*  
*Prof. Fleyer (his fearless companion): "SKAT!"*

#### "Money Devil"

**C**OL. HENRY WATTERSON is one of the very few editors in this Land of Freedom who is not owned by something. A colonel of sense and courage who says what he pleases, is always an inspiring sight. May his shadow never grow less!

Good republicans, however, need waste no time on this clipping from one of his recent editorials:

"There is but one real underlying and paramount question in this campaign, and that is, can the people by their own unaided strength change their government against the marching army of federal office-holders supported by unlimited supplies either wrung from or contributed by the corporations? Is the money devil a match for the American voter?"

Fancy a New York editor calling any one with money, "devil."



#### If This Isn't Jew-Baiting, What Is?



to behave at the seaside, reminding the exodus from London to the coast is not specifically a Jewish exodus. It says:

"Don't, if you are a woman, wear diamonds on the sands.

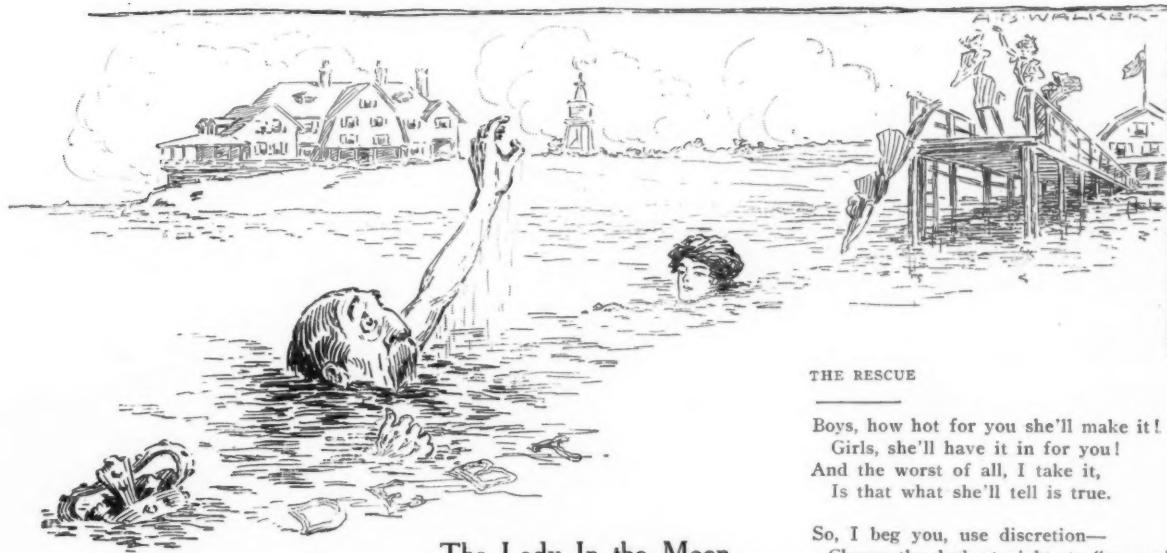
"Don't wear too violent colors. It is not every one who can impersonate a rainbow. Jewesses have no especial qualifications in this direction.

"Don't shout. Every one isn't deaf. Also don't forget that there are other people in the town, and also that the town does not belong to you.

"Don't, if you are a man, wear a yachting cap with knickerbockers. It is not becoming even in a Christian. The fact

**L**IFE has unjustly charged with Jew-baiting by certain managers who didn't like the honesty of its dramatic criticisms.

The London *Jewish Chronicle* advises certain of its coreligionists how



THE RESCUE

Boys, how hot for you she'll make it!  
 Girls, she'll have it in for you!  
 And the worst of all, I take it,  
 Is that what she'll tell is true.

So, I beg you, use discretion—  
 Choose the darkest nights to "spoon,"  
 Lest you give a wrong impression  
 To the Lady in the Moon.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

### The Lady In the Moon

WHEN, at night, in by-paths lonely,  
 Lovers wander forth to "spoon,"  
 They believe they're noticed only  
 By the old Man in the Moon.

He, of course, will "keep it shady"—  
 He has troubles of his own.  
 But within the moon's a lady,  
 And her temper isn't known.

Do not think I'm talking vainly;  
 Take a look, before you laugh.  
 You can see her figure plainly  
 In the great disc's eastern half.

Though with secrets he is laden,  
 Never does the Moon-Man "peach"—  
 What man would? But here's a maiden!  
 True, she seems bereft of speech.

Yet in these weird days of science  
 They will be inventing, soon,  
 Some new telephone-appliance  
 To connect us with the moon.

Soon that lady will be getting  
 Well acquainted at this end,  
 And it's more than even betting  
 That she'll have her "dearest friend."

All these ages she's been throttling  
 Gossip that would make things hum;  
 There will be a grand unbottling  
 When the word's no longer "Mum!"

They may take her deposition  
 For a case or two in court;  
 She may edit an edition  
 Of some "yellow," just for sport.

that you are a Jew does not enhance your beauty or picture. If you have a motor car see that it is fitted with a non-Jewish horn.

"Don't play cards with the blinds up, especially on Sunday.

"Don't play cards in the band stand at all.

"Don't be offended at these suggestions. They are for your good and the communal benefit."

The theatrical managers of London should get together and bar the editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* from their theatres.

### Kentucky's Bad Roads

IF there are any worse roads than those of the mountain portions of Kentucky, the localities they infest are ashamed to acknowledge it publicly. Last year, Governor Willson, Republican who carried the State, horsebacked all over the mountain counties where his majority came from. It was no pink tea job, either, and there were moments, as he got down to sit by the roadside and rest his bones, when he thought he was paying a pretty high price for what he didn't know whether he would get or not. One day, coming down an especially bad mountain road, his horse slipped and came near throwing the Governor-to-be clear over his head and into a rocky gorge of unknown depth.

"Jee-hosaphat!" he gasped, as he dropped back into the saddle, "there nearly went the whole d—— campaign."



"VEN DER HOT VETHER COMES I ALWAYS  
 VISH I VAS AN ISAACLE"

LIFE



#### THE FOOD FADDIST

I pity him, poor fellow!  
He looks so very yellow,  
He seems so very thin.  
Some feed that has nutrition  
Might put him in condition,  
Put fat beneath his skin.

He fears a lurking peril  
In everything not sterile.  
He has his water boiled,  
His food is disinfected  
As soon as it's selected—  
And consequently spoiled.

Potatoes, beets and squashes  
With antiseptic washes  
He never fails to treat.  
He has a most surprising  
Hobby of analyzing  
Things that he means to eat.

It's all so unavailing,  
His appetite is failing,  
His health is sure to break,  
And yet he has the gall to  
Suppose he has a call to  
Warn me against my state.

—Chicago News.

#### OLD NOUNS WITH NEW MEANINGS

Speed—A thoughtless man's idea of progress.  
Untold Agony—The unrepeatable secret of a gossip.  
Conceit—The child of ignorance and self-reliance.  
Hope—To-morrow's veneer over to-day's disappointment.

Diplomacy—The art of politely getting what you want.

Trouble—The one thing that any one can readily borrow.

Filthy Lucre—What all your neighbors are striving for, but not yourself.

Comfort—That which the ignorant think is the same thing as happiness.

Clubs—Homes maintained by many who seldom use them, for the convenience of a few who have no better place to go.—Success.

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during  
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and  
September

Not an innovation.  
Not a fad.

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ORIGINAL LONDON  
CIGARETTES

have been the first choice of  
experienced smokers for  
over half a century.

#### A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

It was his first Sunday school and he sat in the infants' department eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in.

The superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragical and sorrowful tone, said: "You see he is so puffed up with sin that he cannot enter in."

"Try him sideways, mister, try him sideways," came the small shrill voice from the infants' department.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### STARTING BUSINESS

"Bah jove, I'm going into business. Made a begining already, don't ye know."

"How's that?"

"Ordered my tailor to make me a business suit."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

#### HAD HER OWN

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked. The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"—*Washington Herald*.

#### THE LAST WORD ABOUT THE THIRD TERM

In the May issue somebody contended that Theodore Roosevelt became a dictator at an early age and has continued so to the present day. The following story appears to demolish that contention:

During the recent Congress of Mothers at Washington the President and Mrs. Roosevelt personally received the delegates at the White House. One woman, in meeting the President, gave him this message from her little son: "Tell the President that I want him to run for another term."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily at this, but Mrs. Roosevelt at once made reply: "Tell your little boy he can't. I won't let him."—*Success*.

#### DID HE SEE THE POINT?

A young woman of the official set in Washington at a public function found herself bored by the attentions of a fresh young man, the son of a Senator.

Soon after his introduction he proceeded to regale her with a story of some adventure in which he had figured as hero.

"Did you really do that?" she asked, not knowing what else to say.

"I done it!" was the proud response, and he began forthwith another lengthy narrative, more startling even than the first. The young woman again politely expressed her surprise.

"Yes," said the hero, "that's what I done!"

A third story followed, with another "I done it!" whereupon the girl remarked:

"Do you know, you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost in the play."

"Why?"

"Don't you remember that Macbeth said to the ghost: 'Thou canst not say I did it!'"—*Lippincott's*.



THE FISHING SEASON OPENS

#### "CONSIDER THE LILIES"

A woman's dress, 'tis said, from scarf to sole,  
From toque to toe, from lingerie to locket,  
Should, *tout ensemble*, make a perfect whole.  
It often does so—in her husband's pocket.

—M. A. P.

#### Cheaper Than Horses

Goes as fast and as far as you like under all conditions of weather roads. Surrey develops 16-H.P. Runs from two to thirty miles per hour, goes thirty miles on one gal. gasoline.

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LIFE, 17

*Dean's*  
Cakes and Pastries  
will add variety to  
Summer Menus

Arrangements have been made whereby quick deliveries of fresh Cake will be made

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID

to country homes, at any express point within 300 miles of New York City. Selected assortments, packed to keep fresh for days, can be had at \$2.00, \$3.00 \$5.00 \$8.00 and \$12.00. A booklet—Dean's Summer Suggestions—explaining the idea in detail, will be sent on request.

572 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

Established 1839

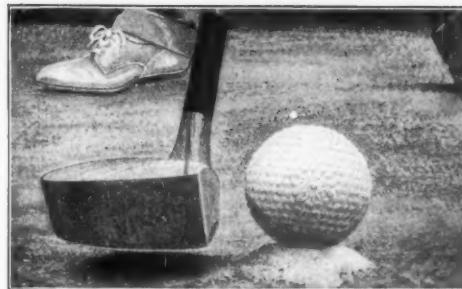
BARGAINS IN BABIES

Among the deacons of a Presbyterian church in an Ohio town was a good old gentleman familiarly known as "Uncle Thomas." Although too deaf to hear, he was always in his accustomed seat at church, and his zeal in religious work was untiring. Owing to a shortage of song books in the Sabbath School, some additional ones were ordered by "Uncle Thomas," who apprised the pastor of their arrival, and the latter agreed to announce the fact from the pulpit on Sunday morning.

The pastor made the promised announcement, among others, concluding with this one:

"Persons wishing their children baptized will please present them at the close of the service."

The good deacon jumped to his feet, and, in the



Fore! A long, straight drive, the

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GOLF BALL

will open the eyes of the most exacting player. . . . In Distance and Direction a little ahead of any other ball—and its good qualities do not end with the drive. Perfect balance and consistently graded liveliness insure responsiveness from any stroke. A durable ball, too—the last of all to cut, chip or grow soft. Price 50c.

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"Have you got any with soft backs?"

**RAD-BRIDGE**

Registered at Post-Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA.

**THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY**

Then up spake William Hohenzollern.  
"It may be my head's somewhat swollen,  
But however great  
I am in the State,  
I'm lost if my 'RAD-BRIDGE' be stolen."

**ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?**

If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address. The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter. Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost.

Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address.

Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect the following week's issue.

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For Summer Motoring**



Fit and Feel  
Best—

Wear Longest

The constant flow of air through the perforations on the backs and fingers of Grinnell Ventilated Gloves dries the perspiration as soon as formed.

The "Rist-Fit" feature (patented) is another advantage of Grinnell Gloves. It keeps the cuff from sagging and also prevents dust and dirt from working down inside.

The famous "Reindeer" leather from which Grinnell Gloves are made is tough and durable, but so soft and flexible that you don't need to remove the gloves to make any adjustment around your machine. You can work with them on just as easily as with bare hands.

Progressive dealers everywhere handle these gloves.

**SENT ON APPROVAL**

If not obtainable, however, in your locality, we will send direct on approval on receipt of price.

Tan "Reindeer," \$2.50; genuine black dog skin, \$3.00; dark colt skin or imported black Kasa, \$3.50. Other styles up to \$5.00.

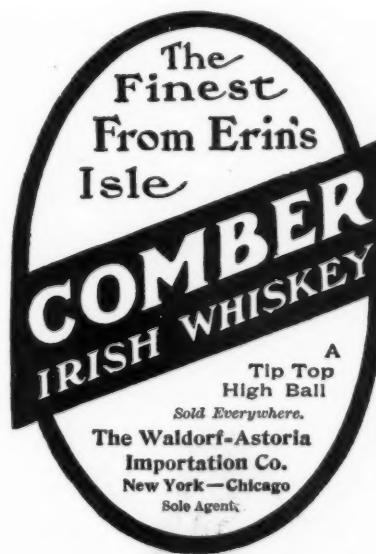
Made without the ventilations if preferred.

**Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co., 42 BROAD ST., GRINNELL, IA.**

loud voice peculiar to the deaf, bawled out: "Those who haven't any can get them at my house for fifty cents apiece!"

As "Uncle Thomas" and his wife had always been childless, this startling information almost broke up the meeting, and a wave of merriment swept the congregation that threatened to shake the church from its foundation.—*Everybody's*.

An American who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—



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**WHISKEY**

First in popularity because first in quality.

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W. A. TAYLOR & CO.  
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HENRY JAMES AND LIFE

The storm of anecdotes that beats about most well-known authors, particularly of the best-selling variety, seems never to have struck Henry James. Perhaps it could not break through the barricade of sentences that surrounded him. It will be remembered that Mr. James was once called "an idea entirely surrounded by words." But, once in a while, a story trickles through. Not long ago a young lady, one of the earnest-seekers-after-truth kind, said to Mr. James:

"Oh, Mr. James, won't you please define life?"

Whereupon the novelist gravely replied:

"It is the predicament that precedes death."

Mr. James always fights shy of making speeches in public. He reserves them for his books. On one occasion he was the guest of honor at a dinner in New York. After much persuasion he was induced to speak. As he rose to his feet he naively said:

"You know, gentlemen, that I never make speeches, and when I have concluded to-night you will realize that I have not broken my rule."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

IMMUNE

The Boy stool on the Burning Deck,

But he did not feel it Burn,

For he had spent "Three Weeks" with Glyn  
On the Banks of Lake Lucerne.

—*Philistine*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

RIDING A CHAUTAUQUA

The citizens of a thriving town of about six thousand people arranged for a Chautauqua assembly. They held the meetings in a big tent about a mile from the town, and the attendance was large from the first day. An enterprising circusman landed in the town on the second day of the Chautauqua with a steam merry-go-round, which he located about halfway between the town and the Chautauqua grounds.

Along in the afternoon a young man from the country districts was accosted by a citizen of the town.

"Well, Ezry, I suppose you are in to the Chautauqua?"

"I shore am. Jist come from thar now."

"How'd you like it?"

"Fine ez a fiddle! I rode on the durn thing nine times!"—*Lippincott's*.

AT SABLE CHASM—Abundant novelty and adventure. Hotel Champlain, famous and fashionable, and other cool northern resorts pictured and described in "A Summer Paradise," 6 cents postage. A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Del. & Hud. Co., Albany, N. Y.

WHAT HE WAS

Senator Gilchrist, discussing in Albany his insurance bill, said of speculation:

"Speculative features, uncertainties, ought to be removed from our life as much as possible."

"When I think of speculation, I think of a man I know."

"This man, a conservative, suddenly took to stock gambling. At the end of a flurry I met him one afternoon and asked:

"Well, were you a bull or a bear to-day?"

"Neither," he answered, giving me a sour smile, "I was an ass."—*Washington Star*.

"ILLINGER must be a good deal of a financier."

"Has he succeeded in amassing millions?"

"No, but he has succeeded in mortgaging a grand piano for which he is paying on the installment plan, thus raising enough money with which to make the first payment on an automobile."—*Chicago Record*.

COMPROMISE

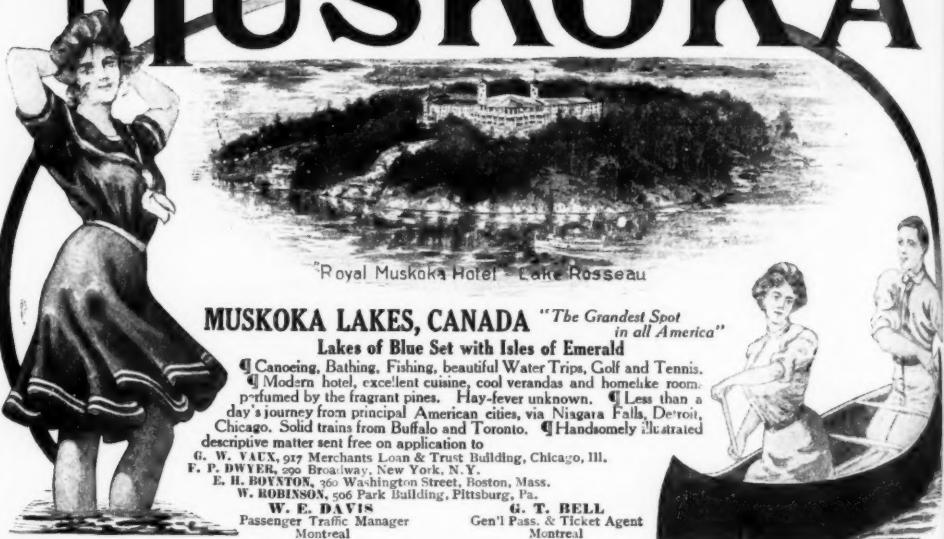
CUSTOMER (in book store): Let me have a copy of Anthony and Cleopatra.

CLERK: Yes, sir. One dollar, please.

"Dear me, I've only got fifty cents. Just give me Anthony!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous."

# MUSKOKA



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Montreal Montreal

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A delicious elixir tonic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A few dashes give exquisite flavor and taste to and increases the tonic effect of Grape Fruit.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

# ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A delicious elixir tonic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A few dashes give exquisite flavor and taste to and increases the tonic effect of Grape Fruit.

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## LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

Known as Chartreuse

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Liqueur



The only cordial made by the Carthusian Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundredsofyears and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

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## Club Cocktails



## A Bottled Delight

A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails — an expert blend of fine old liquors, measure-mixed to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

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Policeman nipped a man  
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the dog itself  
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Brooklyn, an  
beach a scar

Hannon sa  
time that  
his arms and  
and Station.

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ANOTHER CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA AVERTED

Policeman Hannon of the Coney Island Station nipped a mad dog scare in the bud yesterday, and by the application of a little common sense saved not only the crowd on the beach off Seaside Park, but the dog itself from anything worse than an uncomfortable fifteen minutes. The dog was a brindle bull belonging to Mrs. Garrett Smith of 474 Quincy street, Brooklyn, and when it began to act queerly on the beach a scare seemed imminent.

Hannon saw the dog and got to it just about the time that the animal collapsed. He picked it up in his arms and started on the run for the Coney Island Station.

"Heat prostration. Nothing worse," was his diagnosis when Mrs. Smith begged to be told the trouble with her pet.

In the station Hannon carried the dog into Capt. Kelley's room, and Lieut. Nedwell turned on the cold water in the captain's bathtub. When the tub was full they dropped the dog into it. In a few minutes it regained its senses, and in fifteen minutes it was all right again.—*New York Times*.

WHAT BETTY LEARNED ABROAD

Betty's back from Europe. Such a gorgeous trip! Highly educational—even on the ship. What did Betty learn? Oh, my! Everything on earth! One ought to know—and have you seen the gown she got from Worth?

Paris? Just delightful! Betty "did" it well. What she saw! Well, lots of things, Betty wouldn't tell.

The Louvre, of course, the Eiffel, and the Bois and all of that—And, oh, the sweetest vision of a pink and purple hat! A hat—one can't describe it—with the true Parisian flare. And feathers a la—something—falling sidewise on the hair.

London? Simply charming! So historic, don't you know—The Tower and the palaces, the churches and the "Row."

Betty saw them all, she thinks—they come to her in flashes; And all of them—the men, I mean—wore funny waxed mustaches And high silk hats; but oh, my dear, they're clever as can be, And say the most delightful things across a cup of tea.

The voyage? Really perfect! A little rough perhaps; But when the ship was rolling on our chaperon took naps.

There were so many things to learn—of masts and ropes and plugs, And such delightful men to tuck you in your steamer rugs; Or if you felt the wobble of the boat a little, too, Well—aren't ship doctors charming in those uniforms of blue?

Betty's back from Europe! Frazzled to a thread! Glad to get once more into a comfortable bed. Her bills? Alas, what father said! But why his vain vexation?

Betty's had her trip abroad—and such an education! —*The Sun.*

THE LIMIT

A bridge-playing set at an Eastern university, who usually turned night into day, used to appear at morning chapel with remarkable regularity, and were pointed out as an example by the authorities. An alteration was made in the time, chapel not beginning until thirty minutes later, and the dean was astounded to see that none of these men, so regular before, was present. He sent for them and asked the reason. "Well, sir," said one, "it's like this: when chapel was at half past seven we could just manage it, but we can't keep awake till eight o'clock."—*Harper's Weekly.*

TWIRL THE ICE

Do you know that a

HIGH BALL

made of

HUNTER WHISKEY

is as smooth to the taste as the finest ice cream, and just as cool and refreshing, while at the same time strengthening.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

Bulletin.

**TOUR TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.**

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains, lies one of nature's richest treasures—the Yellowstone National Park. It is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of rare and majestic moods. Mammoth hot springs, with multicolored terraces, cliffs of glass, beautiful lakes, mighty falls, glorious canyons, and geysers of all descriptions, are seen in this wonderful region.

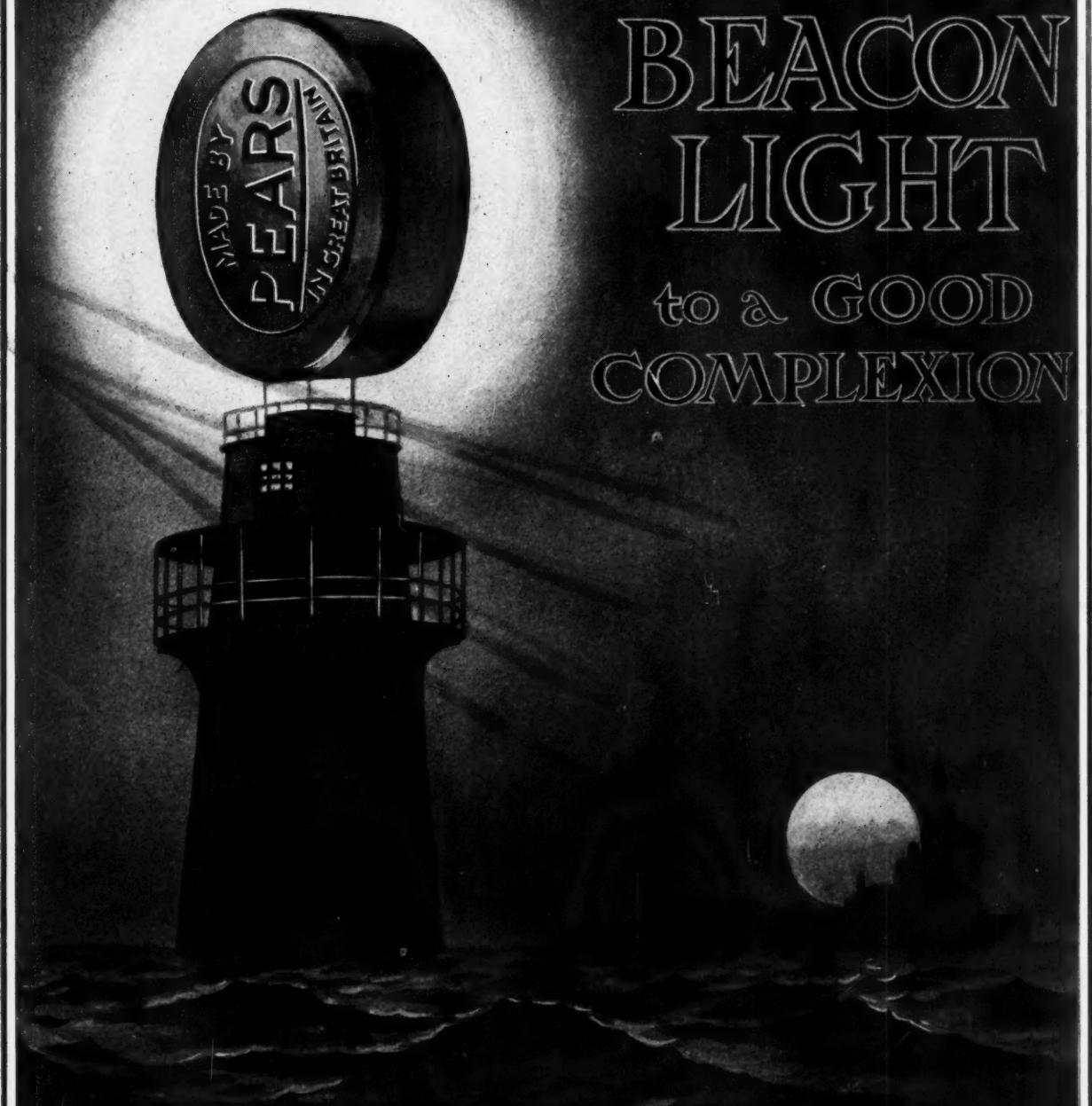
On August 24 a personally-conducted tour through the Yellowstone Park to Portland and Seattle, returning through the magnificent Canadian Rocky Mountains, will leave the East by special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad. Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, one day in Vancouver, one day at Field, B. C., one day at Laggan, Alba., one day at Banff, and stops will be made at many other points of interest. The tour will cover a period of twenty-two days.

As an educational trip for both teacher and scholar, this tour is especially attractive, as it covers a section of America steeped in latter-day history, rich in scenery, and replete with the marvelous manifestations of nature.

The rates, which will cover all necessary expenses, will be \$246 from New York, \$243.20 from Philadelphia, \$241.20 from Washington and Baltimore, \$230.80 from Pittsburgh, and proportionate from other points.

Preliminary leaflets may be obtained of Agents, and detailed itineraries will be ready shortly. Persons desiring to utilize this exceptional opportunity to visit the Park of the Nation should apply for Pullman space early, as the party will be limited. Apply to local Ticket Agent or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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BEACON  
LIGHT  
to a GOOD  
COMPLEXION



A shining countenance is produced by ordinary soaps. The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the Complexion.

uly 30, 1908

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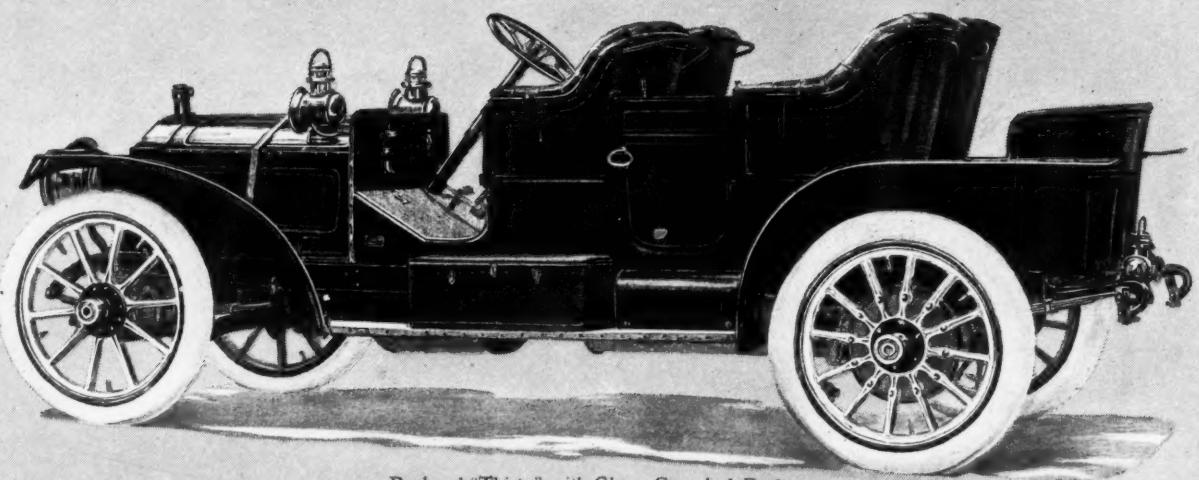
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PRICE, 10 CENTS

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# Packard "THIRTY" 1909



Packard "Thirty" with Close-Coupled Body



**Packard Motor Car Company**  
**Detroit, Michigan**

PRESS MAGNATES

It may state to you, what is well known to you all, that it is impossible, nowadays, to found a newspaper unless a man be a millionaire, or through a combination of capitalists who hope to be millionaires when they grow big. In getting together any combination of capitalists in any large city it is impossible to escape including in the number men who have chiefly acquired their wealth through investments in corporations based upon public franchises of one sort or another; and this being the case, we know it is only human nature that such men will insist upon the conduct of the newspaper in a way to insure the protection of their own interests. In the case of newspapers founded by men of small means in the past, and now attained unto greatness, we must remember that the founder in each instance has invested his money in exactly those enterprises which look for their success to the exploitation of the public. Thus, his interests become the special interests, and whether he will or no, in conducting his newspaper, he will have sympathy with all private interests similar to his own. Take the case of the New York *World* and Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Pulitzer has reached his present state from humble beginnings. He has conducted a great newspaper, generally speaking, along free and independent lines, and yet, when a certain popular candidate for President replies to the strictures and attacks of Mr. Pulitzer's *World*, with an inquiry concerning the railroad and other investments of Mr. Pulitzer there is none of us that fails to realize the perfect appositeness of the retort.

William Marion Reedy,  
in the *St. Louis Mirror*.

A SARTORIAL QUESTION

Little Newman's mother had faithfully tried to answer his question in regard to death and the future life, and he had been told that when he died his soul would go to heaven.

One day he came running in from his play and in bemoaned, "Mamma, mamma, if just my soul heaven, what am I going to button my pants — *Delineator*."

EXTINGUISHED traveler and war correspondent on a lecture tour in Scotland spoke one night at a little village four miles from a railway station.

The chairman of the occasion, after introducing the lecturer as "the man who's come here to broaden our intellects," said that he felt that a wee bit prayer would not be out of place.

"And, O Lord," he went on, "pit it intae the heart o' this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gie us grace tae understand' him."

Then, with a glance at the lecturer, the chairman said, "I've been a traveler meself!" — *Youth's Companion*.

A FEAT FOR BLONDIN

"Why don't you Republicans walk on the straight and narrow path in this tariff revision business?" asked Representative Champ Clark of Speaker Cannon.

"Champ," the Speaker replied, "that question reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.

"Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?" — *Saturday Evening Post*.

MR. GREEN'S WATERLOO

Mr. Green had been paying four dollars a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage, and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to five dollars."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation, he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can afford to eat four dollars' worth." — *Woman's Home Companion*.

# FRANKLIN Automobiles-1909

Sensible practical automobiles for every use

16 horse-power runabout with rumble seat or hamper  
28 horse-power five-passenger touring-car and runabout  
42 horse-power six-cylinder seven-passenger touring-car and runabout  
Brougham, Landaulets, Limousines, Town-car, Taxicabs

## Only a sensible design can produce a sensible automobile.

All Franklins are light in weight, strong, easy to operate, easy to control and to care for, and economical. No Franklin is over-heavy, over-powered for its use, nor over-expensive.

Type H touring-car, the most superb-riding automobile in the world, weighs under 2500 pounds. It has six cylinders. It seats seven people and leaves ample luggage room. Even as a five-passenger automobile it is better—cheaper, safer, more comfortable, than any five-passenger water-cooled automobile.

In using it you do not feel the weight. It has none of the burden and anxieties of a heavy touring-car. It is roomy and luxurious, but not ponderous—not a road-locomotive. It has the feeling and flexibility of a small automobile, and the independence that goes with it.

The question of touring is a question of comfort. The more comfort the better average speed can be made.

Every Franklin automobile has four full-elliptic springs and a laminated wood frame, the only combination that produces easy and perfect riding quality. If you have ever ridden in a Franklin you know this.

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### THE PIANO ALL CAN PLAY AND ENJOY

Any one and every one (irrespective of musical training) can play, enterain and enjoy any and all classes of music to the fullest extent with the aid of the AUTOPIANO. This marvelously faithful instrument makes players of us all and places at our command every composition in music.

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A patented system of eclipsing light used in this country exclusively in the

**SOLARCLIPSE LAMPS**

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No Blow-outs  
No Trouble**

The DAYTON AIRLESS TIRE looks like pneumatic and is just as resilient. Requires no pumping and cannot puncture or blow-out. Is easily applied to any standard Clincher Rim. Is the

most durable tire ever made. Requires no attention and is absolutely trouble proof, making automobiling safe and enjoyable.

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TOOTH  
POWDER

**PREVENTS DECAY**

**CALOX**

**WHITENS THE TEETH**

ALL  
DRUGGISTS.  
25c

**McKESSON & ROBBINS**

**NEW YORK**

**A DISAPPOINTMENT**

The old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact was so great as to be most amusing. Says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his capkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at the gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."—*Youth's Companion*.

Two belligerent appearing men faced each other.

"You're a liar."

"You're a yellow pup."

"Fight!" shrieked a small boy.

Then a crowd of curious began to gather in front of the Grant Building in upper Market Street.

"If you're looking for trouble I guess I can give it to you," hissed the "liar" between his teeth.

"You can place a bet that I intend to see things to a finish," replied the "pup," striking a fighting pose.

"Come around the corner where a cop won't bother us, then," said the first, and, war thus declared, the duo hastened around to an empty lot behind the post office, while a crowd of bloodthirsty men and boys dogged at their heels.

Arrived, the "liar" mounted a wooden platform newly built, while the "pup" dove into a dry goods box and extracted therefrom a bulging suitcase.

"While the 'doctor' gets out the packages of our magical herbs, guaranteed to cure cancer, bunions, all skin diseases, etc., I will entertain you with a few sleight-of-hand tricks," announced the "liar" in stentorian tones.

The crowd then realized that it had been gulled. A few on the outskirts slunk away, but the majority remained to fall victims to the wiles of the wily medical fakers and their cureall at "\$1 per package, and a pair of cuff buttons, warranted solid gold, thrown in."—*San Francisco Call*.

**COSTLY EYETEETH**

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eyeteeth cut," replied Johnny.—*Chicago News*.

**FAITH SHATTERED**

"I don't believe in that doctor."

"Why?"

"He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me!"—*London Opinion*.

**HE FORGOT TO INQUIRE**

**AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE:** So you want to marry my daughter. But you don't know her.

**IMPECUNIOUS DUKE:** But I will get a kind friend to introduce us.

A. M.: But you have never seen her.

I. D.: I have seen you, her father, whom she probably resembles.

A. M.: But you don't love her.

I. D.: What matters that? I but want to marry her.

A. M.: But you can't marry her—there is an insuperable obstacle to your wedding her.

I. D.: There are no insuperable obstacles to my determination.

A. M. (chuckling): This one is. I haven't any daughter.—*Baltimore American*.

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
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THE NEW BOOKS

Pray read "The Basement," by all means; a prince of story tellers has written it, and I can say it's one of our best cellars; "The Almanac" is one that I can offer without fear, And I assure you that it is the story of the year; "The Broken Corset Steel" is new—just from the press to-day, They say it grips you like a vise—'tis something that will stay; And if you want a thing that lasts—that will not let you slumber, Here's something I can recommend—'tis called "The Green Cucumber." "The Newlaid Egg" they say is good—and in a certain set It has tremendous vogue—I have not opened it as yet; "Days Twenty-One" is good for one who loves and letters seeks, (The book reviewers say it's quite the equal of "Three Weeks.") "The Batsman" is having quite a run—made a tremendous hit; "The Peach" is good—they say it is far better than "The Pit"; They're pushing "The Lawnmower" now—it's going very well, And as for "Full Rigged Pirate Ships," they say the sails still swell. "The Germ" still holds its own—"gets in the blood," the critics say; "The Beaten Egg" 's a stirring tale—you can't put it away; "The Coalman's Ton" is very short—indeed, so short and light You'll find that you can finish it with ease, say overnight; "The Switch" is helpful and much liked, and I have heard it said That many do not lay it by until they go to bed; "The Sea Dog" is a waggish thing—the true sea lover's friend— And like all dogs it has a bark and tale at either end! —Evening Sun.

KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldnae paift wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldnae paift wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."—Detroit Free Press.

UP FROM FLORIDA

Martha, endeavoring to instruct a would-be housekeeper in the mysteries of pudding making, was overheard:

"Yer jes' takes some bread en"—

"But how much bread, Martha?"

"Oh, jes' what yer needs, Miss Min, en den yer puts yo' milk on it"—

"And how much milk, Martha?"

"Well, yer mus' use yer judgement 'bout dat, Miss Min."

"But I haven't any judgment, Martha."

"Well, de Lord he'p yer, Miss Min, 'cause I can't!"

But the best story of the winter, and of many delightful ones to be had in the South, where the old-fashioned negro still abounds, was the following:

"Ma, my Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawl."

"You' Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawl—you' Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawl! What you say when yo' Aun' Liza say there ain't no Gawl?"

"I say, I don't keer."—Travel Magazine.

UMC

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OF GOOD HUNTING

The pleasure of your hunting trip often depends upon your choice of shot shells. Look for the U. M. C. trade mark, ask for it, demand it, accept shells of no other make.

Whether you shoot a pump, an autoloading, a double or a single gun, U. M. C. shells are made by shot shell specialists to work perfectly in it. Cut one open and see the steel lining which strengthens the shell and protects the gun.

4 of the 6 winners at the big Grand American Handicap Tournament used U. M. C. shells.

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POWER-RAPIDITY-SAFETY

Five smashing, knock-down blows each equal to a ton hammer.

A lightning-like self-loading system — simply pull and release the trigger for each shot.

Its solid breech and safe safety are a guarantee against accident to the shooter's face or accidental discharge.

.35, .32, .30-30 and .25 Remington Autoloading calibres.

We invite comparison with other big game rifles.

The Remington Autoloading rifle is the only rifle which loads itself made in .35 and .30-30 calibres.

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**HASKELL-WHIZ**  
GOLF BALL

will open the eyes of the most exacting player. . . . In Distance and Direction a little ahead of any other ball—and its good qualities do not end with the drive. Perfect balance and consistently graded liveliness insure responsiveness from any stroke. A durable ball, too—the last of all to cut, chip or grow soft. Price 50c.

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**COLLVER TOURS**  
(AWAY-FROM-THE-USUAL)  
Japan Trans-Siberia  
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ROUND THE WORLD  
EUROPE  
BY MOTOR CAR and TRAIN DE LUXE  
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**SURBRUG'S  
ARCADIA  
MIXTURE**

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures.

A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Near safe is not enough. The only firearm safety worth having is *absolute* safety. The only revolver affording that kind of safety is the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

Millions are in use—yet not a single report of accidental discharge—drop it, kick it, "hammer the hammer"—you must pull the trigger to fire it.

Costs no more than near-safeties; but accurate, hard-hitting and positive, with *absolute* safety.

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**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER**

Richly nickelated, .22 calibre rim-fire or .32 calibre center-fire, \$6 Extra length bbl. or blued fire, 3½-in. barrel; or .38 calibre center-fire, 3½-in. barrel, finish at slight extra cost.

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Richly nickelated, .32 calibre center-fire, 3-in. barrel, \$7 Extra length barrel or blued barrel; or .38 calibre center-fire, 3½-in. barrel, finish at slight extra cost.

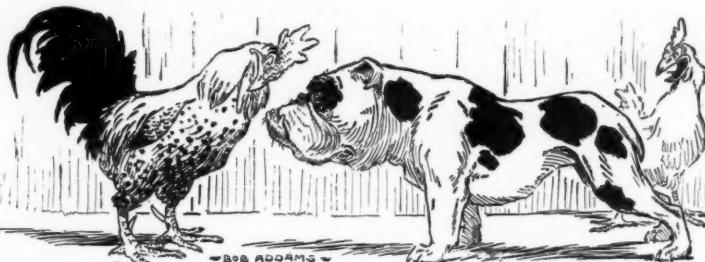
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Hammer  
the  
Hammer



"GOSH, BILL! YOU OUGHT TO GET YOUR FACE FIXED. YOUR TEETH SHOW WHEN YOU DON'T SMILE."

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A MUTUAL WISH

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—*Globe*.

TWAIN EMANCIPIATED

Oxford University is not the only seat of learning that has conferred an honorary degree on Mark Twain. A similar tribute was paid to the famous humorist and philosopher not so many years ago by a humble institution at a sleepy Missouri village that had known him when he was playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.

It happened that the degree-conferring ceremonies took place one lazy day in June, when newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.

One Park Row news editor raked the land with a figurative fine-tooth comb and got a dry haul for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day in his native hamlet, it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation in the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:

"How does it feel to be a Doctor of Laws? Please wire answer at our expense."

After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:

"It feels like emancipation from ignorance and vice."

MARK TWAIN.  
—*New York Times*.

APPLIED ASTRONOMY

He took me out to see the stars,  
That astronomic bore;  
He said there were two moons near Mars,  
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon  
What fourfold bliss 'twould be,  
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon  
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,  
I was convinced he'd say  
That was the very kind of thing  
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went  
To double stars. Now that  
Was most suggestive, so content,  
And quite absorbed I sat.

But, no, he talked a dreary mess,  
Of which the only fraction  
That caught my fancy, I confess,  
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer  
And stupid altogether,  
For stars to keep so very near,  
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;  
I thought he'd caught the notion.  
He merely bowed good-night, and said,  
Their safety lies in motion.

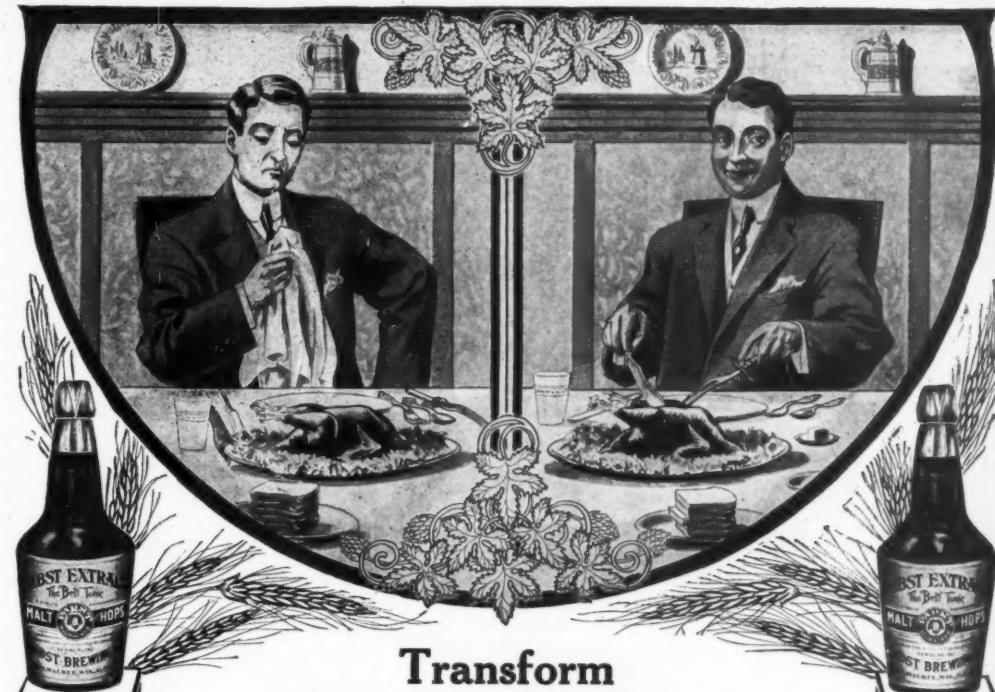
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

WHEN RILEY AND CARMAN MET

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet till comparatively recently. It was in Washington, and the Canadian Poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach, and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitting his glance to travel upward, as though analyzing a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of inimitable drollery, ejaculated, "Well, by jimmie! Your parents must hav' trained you on a trellis."—*Sunday Magazine*.



Transform  
Dyspepsia's Gnawing  
Cravings Into Honest, Healthy Hunger

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or, what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia. If you let them go unheeded, you sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease. Before you know it you will be fast in the aggravating grip of dyspepsia—irritable, peevish and lacking in ambition and energy. You can overcome these feelings by using

**Pabst Extract**  
The 'Best' Tonic

This essence of modern diet, combining the rich food elements of pure barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops, is a boon to the dyspeptic. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, thus assuring a speedy return of health.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture, "Baby's First Adventure," sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**Roam where you will, Rest where you please**

There is no beverage that will afford so much lasting comfort, enjoyment and benefit as

**Evans' Ale**

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE FOR SUMMER HOME, CAMP or YACHT

In "Splits" as well as regular-size bottles

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

LIFE

**PALL MALL**  
FAMOUS CIGARETTES  
for CONNOISSEURS



A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here



STYLE, NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED  
**BOSTON  
GARTER**

The name is stamped on  
every loop—Be sure it's there

THE  
*Velvet Grip*

CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER  
SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers  
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

**J. & F. MARTELL**

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



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FINE OLD  
LIQUEUR  
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD  
BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

Sole Agents  
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
New York



**“VIYELLA”**  
REG'D  
FLANNEL

New Summer Designs for 1908  
IN

Plaids! Stripes! Solid Colours!

FOR

Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits, Dressing Sacks  
and Children's Garments, Men's Golfing  
Shirts, Pajamas, Etc.

“VIYELLA” can be obtained at the leading Dry  
Goods Stores and Men's Furnishers

**DOES NOT SHRINK**

# LIFE

## Alphabet Ghosts

I AM the A in Te(a),  
 (In the reign of Anne 'twas  
 t(e)a.)  
 I am the B in Num(b),  
 (And other words ending that way.)  
 I am the C in (C)zar,  
 And I in We(d)nesday the D;  
 I am the E in Lov(e)d,  
 (Unless in a poem it be.)

*We died long, long ago,  
 But they haven't buried us yet;  
 We're left in our words, you know;  
 For bad little boys to forget.*

I am the F in Chaf(f);  
 I am the G in (G)nat;  
 I am the H in R(h)yne and (H)erb,  
 (And si(g)(h), for the matter of  
 that!)  
 I am the I in Ma(i)ne,  
 (J's yet too young, a ghost to walk.)  
 I am the K in (K)now,  
 I, the L in Ca(l)m and Ta(l)k.

*On elder tongues we lived,  
 And each spoke out in his word;  
 But now, were we all pronounced,  
 We'd sound really quite absurd.*

The M in (M)emonics am I,  
 (You'll surely remember me!)  
 The N in Hym(n) and in Kil(n),  
 And the O in R(o)ugh are we.  
 I am the P in (P)salm,  
 (And in (P)tarmigan, too, when I  
 try!)  
 I am the S in Ai(s)le,  
 The T in Lis(t)en am I.

I am the U in Co(u)gh,  
 In Se(v)ennight I am V;  
 In (W)rite and in Ans(w)er, too,  
 I the W happen to be,  
 (In alphabets of this kind  
 They always omit the X;  
 It's only disguise for —ks,  
 And x-ists merely to ve-x.)



AFTER SIX YEARS ON THE DESERT ISLAND

"Do you suppose this is the very latest style, Henry, dear?"

A sort of semi-ghost I,  
 The Y in Ra(y) and Qua(y);  
 You might have said *Rah* and *Quah*,  
 If it hadn't been for me.

As for Z you'll never guess  
 The word that to me is due;  
 My ghost still vanishes soft  
 When you whisper *Rende(z)vous*.

*For we died long, long ago,  
 Though they haven't buried us  
 yet.  
 We're left in our words, I trow,  
 For even grown-ups to forget.*

Jessie Anderson Chase.

FOOT-NOTE: Q was too queer for ghosthood.  
 The ghost of an R is found in some sections of the  
 country.



## • LIFE •



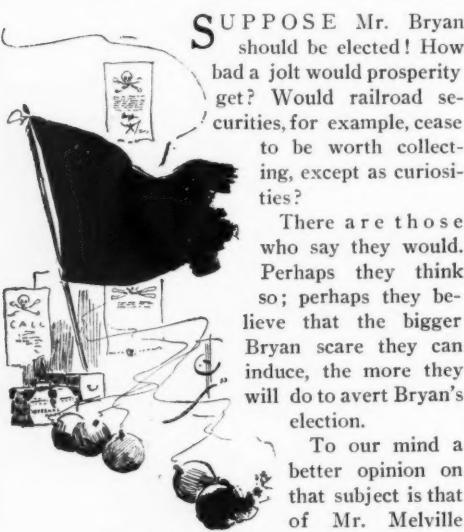
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII AUGUST 6, 1908 No. 1345

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



**S**UPPOSE Mr. Bryan should be elected! How bad a jolt would prosperity get? Would railroad securities, for example, cease to be worth collecting, except as curiosities?

There are those who say they would. Perhaps they think so; perhaps they believe that the bigger Bryan scare they can induce, the more they will do to avert Bryan's election.

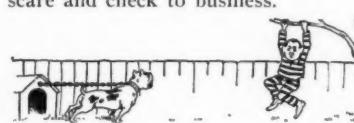
To our mind a better opinion on that subject is that of Mr. Melville Ingalls, of Cincinnati, who is quoted as saying: "If it is Bryan, there will be a — of a time in Wall Street for a month, and then things will return to normal. If Taft is elected there will not be any disturbance, but in a month after election it will come to the same thing, so far as the railroads are concerned, with either the winner."

Being a railroad man of large experience and responsibilities, and a Democrat who sometimes runs, ineffectually, for office in Ohio, Mr. Ingalls declares that he is going to vote for Bryan, and that, partly because he is tired of hearing the panicky talk about his election raising Ned with our prosperity. "I don't believe it," he says, and goes on optimistically to conjecture that Bryan, once in the White House, would become a sober and conservative statesman.

Our notion as to that is that Brother Bryan in the White House would be the same irresponsible theorist that he

has been out of it. He has not got in him the materials out of which statesmen, conservative or otherwise, are made. Mr. Ingalls, cherishing his own regularity as a Democrat, may think it personally expedient this year to risk voting for him, and some discerning independents may vote for him as a reluctant first step toward getting the Republican party out of office. But Bryan is not fit to be President, and not likely ever again to come so near election as he did in 1896. LIFE, however, like Mr. Ingalls, is tired of being afraid of him, and of being invited to be appalled at the thought of the general ruin that would follow his election. Democratic victory would doubtless shake down stocks, but when folks got over being scared things would go on very much as before, and public opinion and the newspapers would govern the country.

The reason for voting for Taft is not that Bryan is a demon of destruction, but that Taft is incomparably the better man to be President and will give us better government than Bryan could, and without any preliminary scare and check to business.



**S**INCE three Federal judges in good standing have agreed that Judge Landis did not give a fair trial to the Standard Oil Company's Indiana offshoot, and that his famous twenty-nine-million-dollar fine was improperly computed and imposed, we must consider, pending further decisions, that the three are right and that Judge Landis was wrong. That the fine is upset will excite very little surprise, as the prevailing opinion among lawyers has been, all along, that Judge Landis erred in reckoning each carload of oil as a separate shipment. The fine was not really related to the offenses for which it was ostensibly imposed. It was an attempt to punish the Standard Oil Company for past offenses, for which it was not on trial in Judge Landis' court. It was a sensational and confiscatory exaction, terrifying to conservative minds and hurtful to public confidence. It did a great mischief when it was imposed,

not the least of which was that it gave the Standard Oil Company a just grievance, and wasted a chance to inflict upon that concern a moderate punishment that would stand review. Now there will be a new trial, for the Appellate Court held that Judge Landis erred, not only in assessing the fine, but in excluding certain testimony. However it comes out, the effort to compel the great corporations to do business lawfully is not likely to flag, either under the present administration or under any administration that may succeed it.



**T**HEY say of Bishop Potter that he was more like some English bishops than like most of the American prelates in his church. We could profit by more examples of that English type if they were like him. In the last years of his life he showed, naturally enough, some signs of declining vigor, but for many years he filled admirably a great place in this great community, and it has been a pleasure to notice in reading the reviews of his career how hearty and widespread has been the recognition of his merits and usefulness as a man, a public leader and a clergyman. It is very much to be wished that the clerical calling attracted in these days more men of his ability, courage and intimate and broad familiarity with the people and affairs of this world.



**T**HE Springfield *Republican*, the *Evening Post* and some other vehicles of reprobation find a grievous fault with the President for declaring that the kind of navy we need is not a mere coast-defense navy, but one able on occasion to sail out and thump the tar out of any other navy that is liable to bother us. It may have been indiscreet for the President to say so—doubtless it is always indiscreet for him to open his mouth—but that is the kind of navy we want, and the possession is the best and cheapest insurance against a foreign war that we can carry.



A series of depredations committed by summer residents have been annoying our citizens for some weeks past, the latest outrage occurring on Wednesday last, when the residence of Hirain Hornet was violently attacked by miscreants armed with an umbrella.

With the assistance of the Yellow Jacket Volunteers and a detachment of the local Stinging Corps the vandals were driven away before serious damage resulted.—*News item from the Stingville Daily Bugle.*



AT LIFE'S FARM  
THE GIRLS TAKE A MORNING DIP

#### Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$4,572.51
Dorothy Sidway }	
Gertrude Sidway }	3.50
Gertrude Hicks	
Adelaide Hicks	
E. S. W.....	5.00
Virginia Gordon.....	.30.00
Partial proceeds of Fair given for charity at Manila, P. I., by Dorothy Mills, age 13; Katherine Mills, age 11; Frances Sweeney, age 13.....	6.00
"In Memory" of E. B. P.....	10.00
"Hawaii".....	25.00
Gertrude Ingersoll.....	10.00
R. D. Whiting.....	2.00
"Oakland Friend".....	2.00
Miss Y. for F. A. F.....	25.00
"In Memory July 22, 1903".....	2.00
Marion and Francis.....	10.00
Proceeds of sale by some children in Lancaster, N. H.....	1.16
S. F. H.....	1.16
	<hr/>
	\$4,708.33

THE world is divided into two classes—those who read to forget and those who forget to read.

#### The Next Reform

NOW that Governor Hughes has partially succeeded in stopping race track betting in New York, it is understood that the next move will be to stop bridge playing among the women.

The suppression of racing bets is, of course, only a preliminary to the greater evil.

The practice of playing bridge is now universal. It was supposed to have started somewhere on upper Fifth Avenue, and from thence, with wonderful rapidity, spread to the suburbs. Mothers who at one time were seen quietly wheeling baby carriages are now playing to the score, ruffing it, making it no trumps on a passed make and are satisfied.

Honest and hard-working husbands are put to the blush. Whereas in former times they were able to keep a semblance of their self-respect by being the sole provider for the household, they now find their wives making as much, if not more, than they themselves. Thus we have the spectacle of the tail wagging the dog financially, as well as in every other way.

Between babies and bridge, therefore,

there can be no question. The babies must go. In this respect we are gradually becoming more and more to rely upon the Immigration Bureau.

If bridge can be limited, say to eight hours a day, much will be accomplished.



THIS GENTLEMAN, PASSABLY FAT,  
ON ELIZA UNWITTINGLY SAT,  
WE SURMISE HIS SURPRISE  
FROM THE SIZE OF HIS EYES—  
LIKEWISE OF ELIZA, THE CAT.

## Newport—As Seen By a Foreigner

BY P. DORMER CHESTERFIELD

*Two letters from Sir Reginald Browne Browne Bunbury to Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish. (Letter No. 1.)*  
NEWPORT, August, 1908,  
THE READING-ROOM.



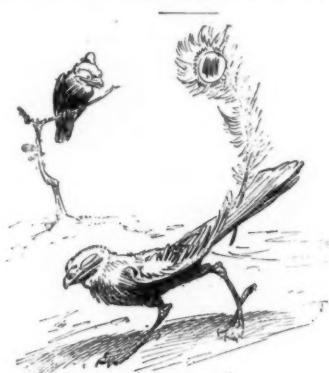
DEAR PONSE:  
I have had less than a day in Newport and I am stony broke and bally well dead. I give you my solemn word that I am balmy with it all. Socker football is needlework compared to it.

I brought my servant down with me—poor old Catchpole—and he is ready to swear that he has never seen anything like it, and, mind you, he saw grueling service in South Africa.

Well, my boy, I booked down and reached here yesterday, Friday, at seven in the evening, thinking I would have a snack and tumble to by-by, but I was never more fearfully wrong in all my life. I came right to Beachcourt, the Nestor's place, and they certainly have led me a dance.

He, N., is rolling with the oof, and she had a little matter of five or six million sterling on her own, to say nothing of his mater, who seems to own all the shops and tram-lines in New York. Nestor, who is a bit of a pincher, still sweats away in the city, but his wife lives about, ladling it out like a crazy Rajah.

Catchpole brought my guns—against bears, pheasants, caribou, Indians, terrapin and all that sort of muck—but the men here only chaff me and I have seen



*The Bird on the Twig. NO USE TALKING. THAT MOCKING BIRD IS A WONDER.*

no good country and no signs of game, coverts or hounds.

Nestor, who is a great toff here, has a palace like Cliveden or Chatsworth, only a jolly sight larger. It resembles the Carlton or the Savoy. Everybody has an enormous house and no land, and all the palaces are huddled together like the hotels at Brighton or Eastbourne.

On arriving, I tubbed in a biggish bath made of porcelain—they have them everywhere here—cold, slippery and over-ornate, but deucedly ingenious. A footman brought me a thing called a Perfect Cocktail—perfectly disgusting it was, too.

I dressed and went downstairs and shook hands with my hostess, who looks, for all the world, like one of Cartier's show-cases. There was a monstrous dinner on, sixty, at least. The food was beastly, of course. Crabs, with ugly-looking legs; rivers of sweet pop; ducks, swimming in blood, and parts of a terrapin, a messy beast with no white meat or breast, and full of slimy bones. Fortunately for me, the footmen in Newport are all for pouncing on your plates and carting them off as soon as ever they set them down, so that I got through with the thing, after a fashion, but I longed for a cold joint and some Brussels sprouts!

I was presented to about thirty brace of pretty women—plastered with turquoises and other stones—and they all, more or less, asked me to dine, to picnic, to bridge, to golf and to motor. I have seventeen invitations for dinner to-morrow night. It's a bit awkward knowing whom one is dining with here, as they never mention their names, and one can't tell where they bunk, unless one is a native. To make matters worse, they all call each other by pet names—Birdie, Pussy, Tessy, Mamie—so there's the very deuce to pay.

After dinner we had a rubber or two of bridge, and I won a bit over a monkey from a devilish pretty woman, whose name has escaped me. Some of the men in the smoking-room told me she was a stiff 'un, and deuced bad pay. They wanted to lay me odds I wouldn't get a penny of it. A bit of bad luck—what? And just when I need it, too, for the number of people I must tip at Nestor's is simply sickening. Thank Heaven, there is no bailiff, no between-girl, no warrener and no groom-of-the-chambers, or I should go up the pole with worry. The tips are worse than

when you and I went up to shoot with the Cameron, a year ago come Michaelmas.

After bridge there began what I'll swear was the fearfulest night I've ever put in. A baby-party (at which I carried a sand-pail and fell into a fountain); a motor ride in a ninety, driven by a chap who was sullen screwed; a coon-hunt; a poker game at the Casino; more pop, more bridge, and fresh horrors every hour or so. At seven in the morning I got to bed and had a snooze until eleven, when up and motored, lunched on an infernal yacht, golfed and bridged, and here I am, at the Reading-Room (no one ever reads here) with a bally headache and a thousand horrors before me for the night.

My liver, nerves, head and back have had such a bumping-race as you never saw on the Cam. I am fairly well ready for the little churchyard at Grimsbury Abbey. Ever yours, dear boy,

REGGIE.

P. S. If you ever come to America, take my tip and avoid Newport. Go straight to the Rockies. You are as good as lost if you get within hail of these ladies, with nothing on their minds but diamonds, dinners, dukes and dances.

P. P. S. Would you mind seeing Thorneycroft's Bank and asking them to cable me a thousand quid? I have taken the knock.

To Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish,  
The Barracks,  
Ore-Stoke-Cloddington,  
Ivernesshire.



THE STEERSMAN

## Fairbanks on His Way

## LIFE'S Arctic Explorer Losing No Time

THE good ship "Pole Bearer," bearing Vice-President Fairbanks, has already touched at Greenland and is now rapidly nearing the Pole. Some criticism at first was made of Mr. Fairbanks because he took this responsibility before his term of office had expired.

It was pointed out, however, that suitable arrangements had been made to have the American Ice Co. take his place during his absence. The American Ice Stock immediately advanced ten points.

The inhabitants of Greenland, as Fairbanks drew near, thought that another cold wave was approaching. When informed of the facts of the case, as the good ship approached, they put on extra fur suits and greeted our representative with proper enthusiasm.

Fairbanks writes as follows:

"Feel better every moment, as we near Pole. Passed Peary well down two days out, off Newfoundland. When he saw me go by he put crepe on the bowsprit. I have an idea he will abandon the trip.

"Greenland is rather well kept, but quite sultry.

"Expect to reach Pole in a day or so.

"FAIRBANKS."

In the meantime, the certainty that the Pole will be brought back has developed an interesting situation in this country.

Yesterday Tom Ryan dropped in.

"I control practically everything worth while in New York and vicinity," he explained, "and I want to know what you are going to do with that Pole?"

"Put it up in front of LIFE Building."

"Will it be higher than the proposed Equitable Building?"

"It will be the tallest thing in this country except the price of meat and life insurance."

"Um, and I thought Fairbanks was a friend of mine."

"It's no use, Mr. Ryan. You can monkey with the interests of the plain people, but you can't get that Pole away."

Mr. Ryan went away disconsolately.

Several painters have already been engaged to paint appropriate inscriptions on the Pole, when it arrives.

(To be continued.)

## Too Soon

ACCORDING to the latest reports in the papers, Mr. Taft's youngest son, Charlie, is "entirely unspoiled, and acts as any boy would do."

This is great news. That there exists in this whole country an unspoiled child, and he the son of a man more than likely to be president, will be received in many homes with a sense of deep gratitude.

It is quite possible, however, that this is too early to boast. With the enthusiasm of boyish eagerness, perhaps we are banking too much on Charlie. At any moment he may go back on us, and be starting a Sunday School Class or a trip around the world for two year olds.

The simple fact that he is (so far as known) the only unspoiled child we have may give him a large head. For this distinction is, in reality, much more important than being the son of a president.

BY LATEST bulletins, "Predatory Wealth" was several yacht lengths ahead of the nearest pursuer.



"SO THIS IS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. SURE OF WOULD DOIVE OFF MESELF FOR FIFTY DOLLARS."

"OI DON'T WANT TO SEE YEZ GET KILT —BUT I'LL GIVE YE TWENTY-FOIVE AVE YE DOIVE HALF WAY."

## What Is Bryan's Charm?

*Headline in Daily Newspaper*

SOME say his sweet, capacious smile; some say his modesty. We say his permanency, a great attraction to minds wearied with change and constant shiftings.

Bryan is always the same; a little balder every four years, and with proper novelties in his budget of propositions to suit the times; but always on hand, and in his own likeness, riding the Democratic donkey to defeat.

It's so old-fashioned and homelike to see him do it! It's as though the world didn't really turn.

That's his great charm.

FIRST HUSBAND: What do you hear from your wife on her summer vacation?

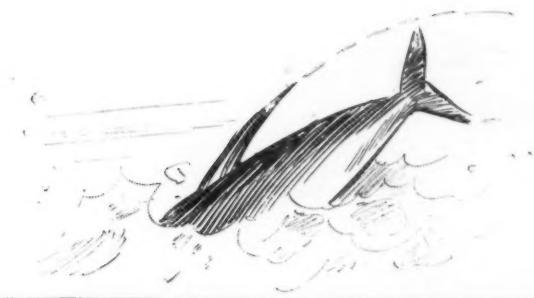
SECOND HUSBAND: The local bank reports that she is well and happy.

All In the Same Boat



BY SPECIAL REQUEST

Mr. Vestpantski enchoys all his meals,  
He's lout in his braise of der line.  
They hat yom-kippured herring for breakfast, for him  
"They soitenly do treat yer fine!"



SWEET LITTLE THINGS!

Miss Fatenforty loves to watch  
The Porpoises a-sunning,  
She thinks they're just as cute as cute,  
And likewise awful cunning!

Parental



IT is a day of specialism, and that very agreeable writer, Mr. Edward S. Martin, has come to be regarded as a specialist on children—not on their diseases or their kindergartens, but on the little people themselves. He has written so much about the obligation of having children, and the obligation of having nice children, that people who are in doubt on these points turn to him naturally for guidance. He expresses the highest possible opinion of boys, girls and babies, which proves that his experience has had pleasant limitations; and he thinks rather poorly of fathers and mothers, which makes them respect his judgment. American parents are the humblest

creatures in the world, and love to be instructed and corrected.

Mr. Martin's instructions are excellent, and his corrections just. To say that "a child who has been so raised that it can't conveniently lie, and is instinctively averse to deception, has been well started in the direction of right living," is to enunciate a truth so transparent, so well founded, so long established, and so universally accepted, that it stands safe from criticism or contradiction. To say that parents should respect a child's legitimate reserves, savors of the superfluous, inasmuch as there is no power, parental or otherwise, which can break down a child's reserves. They are barriers built by nature for the protection of the immature. They stand firm even in these dreadful days of child-study, and defeat the ruthless efforts to lay bare those poor little mental processes which would be forever blighted by exposure.

One supremely popular note Mr. Martin strikes—sure of sympathy and concurrence. He is by way of thinking that the child is "more harmed than helped" by that solicitude for its worldly welfare which is the key-note of French family life, but which plays so insignificant a part in this country. He sees an absolute danger in depriving children of "the stimulation of necessity"; and he is of the opinion that "it is not advantageous to anybody to be spared too much from the common discipline of life."

These are words pleasant to the ear of the American father who takes kindly to any argument which will limit his responsibilities. He is an affectionate parent, but he has no mind to project himself painfully into the future. His attitude to his own offspring is rather like that of the esteemed Earl of Pembroke to the nuns of Wilton. "Go spin, you jades, go spin!" *Agnes Repplier.*

## • LIFE •

## Some Rewards of Virtue



THIS MAN HAS ALL HIS LIFE BEEN A STRICT VEGETARIAN



THIS ONE IS A STRONG OPPONENT OF THE BRUTAL PRACTICE OF VIVISECTION

## Thrift

THRIFT was discovered by a Scotchman whose name has not come down to us. The modern tendency is to forgive him, on the assumption that he could not possibly know what he did.

Thrift was brought over to this country in the *Mayflower*, which gives it a certain claim upon our respect. The cavaliers of Carolus Rex were making it hot in England for thrift, sobriety, decency

and all the rest of that merry crew, and that is why these were seeking a home in the New World. They left unstained what there they found, to wit, freedom to worship God without having to dig up for incense and costly vestments.

In a kingdom power derives from prescription, but in a democracy from thrift. The men who run things with us make no denial that thrift has put them where they are, with a trifle of judicious speculation, from time to time, as the opportunity has offered.

Thrift dominates our national councils. Witness our \$400,000,000 navy, staving off a \$500,000,000 war, and leaving us \$100,000,000 ahead, not to speak of the moral uplift.

Thrift is what the New England theologians really mean when they speak of saving grace. Faith, hope and charity are graces, but they are not so very saving, especially charity, the greatest of these.

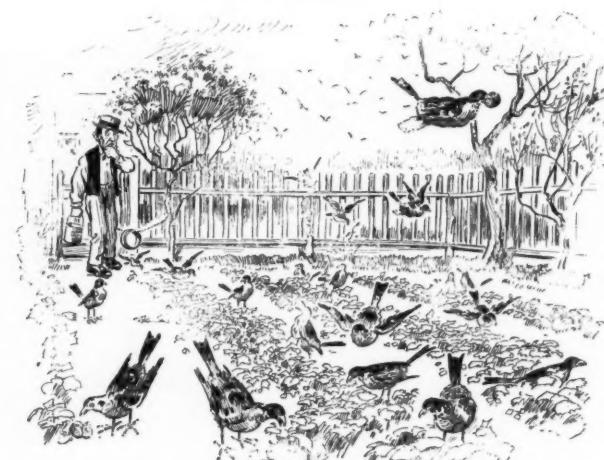
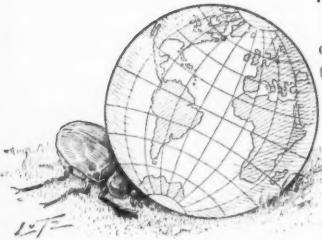
*Ramsey Benson.*

## To Improve the Vice-Presidency

WHAT Brother Bryan thinks of the Vice-Presidency appears from the suggestion attributed to him that if Mr. Kern doesn't care to keep house in Washington, there will be quarters assigned him in the White House.

Awful thought! What the Vice-Presidency needs to make it acceptable is a salary of \$30,000 a year, and permission to live in New York.

There is no need to have the Vice-President hang around Washington at all, much less to have him board at the White



THIS SHOWS THE STRAWBERRY PATCH OF THE CHAMPION OF THE SONG BIRDS

House. Pay him a salary big enough to have fun with and let him live where he likes and do what he will. The last place he could be happy in is the White House.

## When It Comes to Reward

"I BELIEVE," said President Roosevelt, on July 11, "in equality of opportunity for every man to show the stuff that is in him, but when it comes to reward, let him get what he is able to get with the opportunity open."

Which is to say: "I don't ask to have Africa fenced in, but when it comes to magazine rates, it's every man for himself."

"WHY is it that Harriman, Ryan, Rogers, and the rest of the gang are more arrogant than ever?"

"They have the courage of their non-convictions."



THIS IS THE SINCERE CHAMPION OF LABOR OFFERING A SUGGESTION TO HIS COOK



AND THIS IS THE OPENING OF HIS MORNING PAPER BY THE CITIZEN WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG WORKER FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT

## LIFE GETS IT!

\$10.69 A WORD IS THE PRICE

The African Hunting Adventures.—The Advance Story Will Appear Here First.—All Other American Publishers Beaten.—LIFE'S Bid was the Highest.—Ex-President Boostevelt Will Write His Adventures In Advance for LIFE'S Readers Exclusively.

**I**N the face of the strongest competition ever known for literary material, this periodical is now able to announce that the advance story of ex-President Boostevelt's hunting adventures in Darkest Africa will appear exclusively in LIFE's columns.

Once more LIFE triumphs!

There is no need to tell our readers of the fierce contest that has been waged by America's richest publishers to secure this marvelous story of adventure. Every publishing firm had its own camp established on the northerly shores of Long Island. Each of them had its own staff of wily diplomats, special automobiles, relatives of the family, astute politicians, carefully selected trust-busters, muck-rakers, rough riders, and others who were supposed to be in touch with the august author. But money talks, now as always, and the bids, starting at a dollar a word, crept gradually up until LIFE paralyzed competition by its unparalleled offer of \$10.69 a word.

Every one knows that ex-President Boostevelt is the mightiest hunter ever known, excelling Nimrod in prowess and Adonis in pulchritude. His advance story of his adventures in Africa will appear only in these columns, and their publication will begin as soon as he has placed his *locum tenens* in possession of the White House and has had time to prepare the manuscript.



THIS SHOWS THE HONORABLE MAN WHO WOULD RATHER CUT OFF HIS HAND THAN SMUGGLE

### Where the Brains Are

**A**PPlicant (*in metropolitan newspaper office*): Yes, sir; I am ready to accept any position—from office boy to chief editorial writer.

PROPRIETOR: The editorial jobs are all full at present. Sorry.

“How about that of office boy?”

“You don't know enough.”

### A Hope

**T**O THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Your illuminating drawing of the dog at the ballot box fills me with hope that you may soon see that what would protect her dog would protect the woman.

HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

NEW YORK, July 11th, 1908.



FE.



WORDS, NOT DEEDS"



*Recording Angel: I SEE ANOTHER RICH MAN HAS GONE  
St. Peter: I WONDER WHERE THEY ALL GO TO?*

#### Halcyon

ZOOKS, what a lonely day 'twill be  
When the Deep takes back what  
it gave,  
And the Merry Widow drifts out to sea  
On the crest of the Marcel wave!

#### Two Souls

IT is reported in the papers that Professor Stanley Hall has recently investigated the matter and has discovered that a woman has two souls.

The fact that this has been stated in the papers would argue that it isn't true; but assuming that it is true—and we have long suspected it—this naturally leads to a new field of inquiry.

Man—according to Nietzsche—has an

over soul: say about one and one-half. Some men of course may have only one and one-quarter, and there have been some men who seemed to be shy even a fraction of one. But one and a half is a fairly good average.

Woman, being, as every one knows, on a higher plane than man, has two, thus being able to fool us with greater ease.

She plays one soul until we think we know it. Suddenly it disappears and another appears. On supreme occasions they may even pull together, thus creating an entirely new effect.

What chance has a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  soul against a 2 souled woman? About as much as a tariff readjustment in a Republican congress.

Without pretending to know much about it, we should say, roughly speaking, that a woman's souls are intellectual and domestic. When the intellectual soul is uppermost, the domestic is "down and out," and vice versa.

When a woman utters a soul-piercing cry, it doesn't hurt, because by a nice adjustment it goes in between the two souls, doing no damage whatever.

This explains why a woman never gets tired of talking. One soul constantly relieves the other. They divide it into watches. One soul comes on deck at eight bells and takes up the work where the other one left off.

The line "Two souls with but a single thought" is also now quite clear. The man is so scared at the idea of what is coming to him that he can't even think. The one thought belongs to the girl.

We know now of course why one woman may contain so much heaven and hell at the same time. Also why, when a man is attempting to join the partner of his joys in the hereafter, he may have to make two long journeys before he is properly joined again.

#### Realism In the Label

THE Pure Food Law says that what you put in a bottle to sell must really possess the capabilities you claim for it in the label. If the label says that the mixture in the bottle will restore the bloom of youth, or reduce obesity, or make the hair grow again on bare scalps, the mixture must do those feats, or else the label is unlawful. Eighty-five dozen packages of preparations were seized in Washington by order of the Department of Justice, on complaint of the Department of Agriculture, for non-fulfilment of the promises made in their labels. It seems incredible, but the papers say so. The idea that the fabricators of hair tonic, for example, may not lawfully raise hopes in the breast of the bald-headed buyer that the mixture sold to him will bring his hair back, is upsetting to the habits of ages. What is demanded by the law as Dr. Wiley and the departments interpret it is that the label writers shall abandon romanticism and become realists.

Well, well! What an age we do live in, to be sure! The very labels on the bottles must tell the truth, and claim no more than they can reasonably hope to accomplish! Miraculous! What will the makers of political platforms say to such a standard as that?

**A Reportorial Love Affair**

YOUNG EGBERT and his mother sat mysteriously at the head of the stairs, in the dim light of early evening.

A few moments before, Egbert's sister had received a young man caller, and had promptly disappeared with him into the gloomy recesses of the front parlor.

Young Egbert's one ambition was to be a reporter. He had read all the literature on the subject, his mind was filled with "scoops" and "beats," and he had determined, with proper journalistic instinct, to do full justice to this occasion.

His mother, excusing herself on the ground that she had a duty to perform, in watching her daughter, was equally ready to listen.

Egbert slid down stairs, but in a few moments silently returned. Breathlessly he whispered:

"Present indications are that there will be a good story all right. Here is a diagram of room. Chairs are arranged as shown in diagram, with sofa in extreme corner. Gas shedding faint glimmer. The cross (X) shows the spot where lovers first met. Conversation as follows:

"Oh, George! How could you!"  
"Full particulars later."

Once more he sped away, and again returned:

Situation practically unchanged. Lovers apparently have no realization of their danger. Progress to sofa marked by demonstrations all along the line of march. At last reports holding hands. Sofa creaking slightly."

In a few moments more he was back again:

"Sh. At seven forty-seven, Eastern time, there was a faint smacking sound quickly followed by another. Silences between. These continued, at intervals of about five seconds, with scarcely any interruption, until a blind on window blew back. Following conversation was taken down:



BEE IT EVER SO HUMBLE.



**ADVICE TO AERONAUTS**  
AVOID NEW YORK DURING CLOUDY WEATHER

"OH George!"  
"You mustn't!"  
"My hair is coming down!"  
"George refused to be interviewed. Hair fell at seven fifty-two. Full particulars later."

Egbert sped away once more. But at this instant the boy reporter's father came in through the front door, opening it with the latch key, having first become aware of the buggy in front.

The boy's next report was as follows:

"It was indeed a thrilling moment. The light from overhead, now suddenly become like the noon day sun, shone down on a scene that baffles description. Devastation reigned supreme. The young and beautiful girl reached in vain for the imported puffs that strewed the floor. Her confession in full, with description of her clothes, will appear in a later edition.

"POSTSCRIPT: Diagram revised herewith. Cross (X) marks spot where lover disappeared through half open window."



**Medicinal**

WHEN that good time comes which Sir Frederick Treves, King Edward's physician, has recently predicted must some day come, when "the people will leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick"—it has already arrived for some millions of well-informed human beings. —Charles E. Page, M.D.

Kind of looks as the Dr. Page did not believe in heavy doses. He also says, in the same interesting pamphlet:

Who employs drugs or other means to banish the symptoms of disease is, as Dr. Oswald long ago declared, performing an act analogous to "muffling the alarm bells during a conflagration."

Incidentally, this gentleman has no enthusiasm for vivisection.

WE SHALL never have perfectly physical human beings until love has been demonstrated to be unnecessary.



"PAY YOUR FARE OR I'LL PUT YOU OFF. THAT'S ALL."

#### Laid on the Table

M R. BRYAN'S public declaration that one term in the White House is all that lie will accept has been laid on the table until after November 3. Odds of eight, nine, and ten to one are offered that it will not need to be discussed.

**B**ARBER: You certainly needed a hair cut.

**CUSTOMER:** Yes. Been away. Hair in bad shape, eh?

"Fierce. Must have been in the country."

"Yep."

"Cut by a farmer?"

"That's right."

"He certainly didn't know the business."

"That's so."

"Where was it done?"

"You did it before I went."

#### At the Wedding

**W**HOMO'S going to give the bride away?"

"The newspapers."



*He: I SEE DER PHILADELPHIA HOTELS OFFER REDUCED RATES TO QUAKERS  
"VELL, LET'S GO!"*

#### Confidential Guide to the Parties

**G.** O. P. Has already had long run. Taft and Sherman as two gladiators. Stirring drama, with a complete set of villains and no hero. Running to crowded houses and most profitable stock company known. Trained elephant. No tickets sold except through speculators.

**Demos.** Thrilling melodrama of Middle West. W. J. Bryan as leading lady. Mediocre show, but diverting in spots. Tin horn music. Scenic effects silver and green. Donkey as entre-act. Has been playing to one night stands through West and South for a long time with indifferent success. Illustrates period of decadence. Nevertheless, has sound principles at bottom, if cast could only be improved.

**Socialistic.** A new style not yet fully recognized or appreciated, but rapidly coming to front; needs better material. Fuller notice later.

**Prohibition.** Farce comedy. Extremely entertaining. Canteen curtain raiser. No problem and no moral, but well calculated to raise (and lower) the spirits. Has elements of unpopularity, however, in this country, which will prevent it from being highly successful.

**Woman's.** Amusing. Affords medium for excellent satirical hits. Highly emotional in spots. Would be greatly improved by introduction of suitable ballet. At present too many old ladies on stage.

**Coming.** The real party.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS

# LIFE

## Who's What

*In and Out of America*



**Peary, Robert.**—A celebrated zero chaser, iceberg expert and platform expounder, who, leaving behind him the gold mines of California, hunts for it by proxy in the slippery degrees of the North. This gentleman started out after degrees early in life, and has made a living for years out of not accomplishing his object. His ultimate aim is to make the North Pole the haunt of hypocrisy, fakery and graft. In the meantime, he is writing books and eating real food. Favorite flower: Forget-Me-Not. Motto: Let us then be *up* and doing the public.

THERE IS NO CURE FOR PERFECTION.

### Sympathy

"The relation of the Church to Wealth should be sympathetic, not antagonistic."—*Banker Forgan of Chicago.*

**A**ND so it is. Sympathy means a suffering with. Wealth, of course, is an affliction, and when the church sees a man oppressed with a lot of the stuff, does it pass by on the other side, like unto the priest and the Levite in the parable? Not at all. On the contrary, it approaches the poor fellow in a kindly manner, saying: "Pray let me suffer with you!"

The fact that the Christian church owns more property than any other corporation known to history shows in what a real sense its relation to wealth has been sympathetic rather than otherwise.

*Ramsay Benson.*

### A Question

"**M**AMA, what kind of water did they use to baptize me with?"  
"With holy water, of course."  
"Was it adulterated?"

### Parker Hopeful of New York

*Newspaper Headline*

**I**S he indeed! And which side is the Judge hoping on? We know he works, speaks and votes for Bryan, but hopes are different and make their own choices, quite irrespective of obligation or conduct.

### The Toast of the Woman-Hater

"**H**ERE'S wishing Adam had died with all his ribs in his body!"

**Truesdale, W. H.**—Born in the Presidential Belt, this young man carefully avoided the White House, and seeking more power than this, became president of the Lackawanna Railroad, a corporation that occupies the State of New Jersey with the combined object of avoiding taxes and paying dividends. Although he earns a living in New Jersey, he carefully avoids his own railroad to travel on, and patronizes the N. Y., N. H. & H., so that his own road will seem good to him at all times by comparison. His principal occupation is not being investigated. Work: "Beautiful Phoebe Snow." Favorite hymn: "Over the River They Beckon to Me." Address care State Legislature, Trenton, N. J. (Please forward.)



"WAIT, JACK, UNTIL THAT RUDE CREATURE TURNS THE PAGE OVER!"

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"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST"

## The Revolt of Estelle

"ESTELLE has never been on a picnic before where there were young men; do you think it altogether safe?"

Mrs. Fernlet looked anxiously at her husband. He shook his head gloomily.

"I don't quite like the idea," he said. "Of course it's a nice picnic; it couldn't be anything else under the auspices of the church."

He turned to his wife.

"Estelle has never been out before where there were any young men, has she?"

"Never! I should hope not!"

It was a momentous matter for the Fernlets. Estelle was the apple of their combined and harmonious eyes. From her babyhood they had guarded her with fanatical care. Never once had their vigilance relaxed. Wherever Estelle had gone they had been with her, watching over her with loving devotion. Their one fear,—so great that between them it was never expressed,—was that Estelle might some day, in some manner, be taken away from them. And they had clung to her desperately, vying with each other to provide for her every wish. Estelle on her part had repaid their love with a hitherto continuous obedience and had shared her pleasures with them unconscious of any other medium in which to express herself.

It was undeniable that Estelle was a pretty girl. But so carefully guarded had she been that she did not know it. In this respect she was a most exceptional person, as any one may well understand.

She was also a healthy girl, with healthy instincts. She was enthusiastic about things she liked, and when the picnic was announced it was natural that she should want to go. Her parents rarely opposed her. Heretofore, when they discovered that she might be led into certain undesirable possibilities, they had proposed something else in place.

"If Estelle is set on going on a picnic," said Mr. Fernlet, "we might take her ourselves,—we three. We can hire a nice rig and get some of Estelle's *girl* friends. How would that please her? Does she know?" he went on, "that there are young men to go on this picnic she wants to attend?"

"Oh yes. I don't think she wants to go on that account. Estelle is too good a girl to wish anything like that, but I think it just happened so."

"It might be safe," ventured Mr. Fernlet, "to let her go, just this once."

"Yes, and then again it might not. You know these young men nowadays are so designing. I wouldn't trust one of them, and Estelle doesn't know the world as you and I do.

**THIRST**

is harder to satisfy—really satisfy—than most anything else in the world. You can slake it for the moment with most any wet thing, but just when you think it's all right it bobs up serenely again with a cry for more. Water, soft drinks, alcoholic drinks, sweet drinks and sour drinks—none of them quite does the work. There's just one thing we know of that actually will quench a tantalizing thirst and that is

**Coca-Cola**

**The Satisfactory Beverage**

Has more to it than wetness or sweetness. It relieves fatigue of brain, body and nerves; quenches the thirst as nothing else will; refreshes and pleases.

**Delicious—Wholesome  
Thirst-quenching**

**GET THE GENUINE**

**5c. Everywhere**

**OLDSMOBILE**

*No Trouble Under the Hood—*

just a very neat, clean-cut power plant—power, reduced to its simplest and most dependable form.

Outside,—snappy, dashing lines, restrained to the proportions of good taste.

A car always ready to give a satisfactory response to every demand—boulevard parade or cross-continent tour.

**Model M R, "Flying Roadster"**  
Price, \$2,750

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OLDSMOBILE CO.  
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Toronto, Ontario

Why, one of them might stray off with her. She might be alone with him. We mustn't think of it."

At this moment Estelle came in. Her face flushed with excitement.

"Oh mamma!" she exclaimed, "it's going to be a lovely picnic. All the girls are going. We are to ride to Two Bridges and then walk to the grove. I can go, can I not?"

"We thought, dearest," said Mr. Fernlet, "that you would be just as well pleased if we went on a picnic by ourselves—just we three, and any other of your friends you would care to have."

Estelle's face grew sober.

"But papa, this is *the* picnic of the year. What possible objection can you have to my going?"

"You might get cold."

"Nonsense."

"Something might happen."

Estelle put her arms about her mother's neck. "I know what you mean, your dear old mamma," she said. "You're afraid because there are some young men going. You know I don't care about that. Please let me go. The girls all expect me. Really, mamma, I—" Tears came to her eyes. Her manner was so evidently sincere, it was so apparent that her desire to go was so natural, that her parents looked at each other yieldingly.

"I think we might let her go this time," said Mr. Fernlet.

"Well, dear, you may go, this once," said Mrs. Fernlet. Afterwards she said to her husband with a sigh,

"It really could not be otherwise, dear. If we had shown her that we didn't trust her, it might have aroused all her opposition."

But though she spoke bravely, there was a note of fear in her voice.

Mr. Fernlet was more of an optimist.

"Don't worry," he exclaimed. "I am sure it will be all right. Estelle is a good girl and she has been so carefully brought up that her instincts will protect her."

The day of the picnic was, however, in spite of Mr. Fernlet's courageous attitude, one of anxiety for both parents. Estelle, joyous and laughing, went off bright and early in the morning to the rendezvous, with many instructions and admonishments. During the day Mr. Fernlet found himself unable to concentrate his mind on his business and finally gave it up and went home early. He discovered his wife in the same condition as himself. But everything passes, and just as the sun was going down there was a noise of shouting and laughter, and Estelle, calling good-bye as she ran up the steps, was once more in the arms of her joyful parents.

That night, after they had kissed her good-night, Mr. Fernlet, his voice relaxed with the sense of relief, said to his wife:

"There, my dear, you see it is all right. We were foolish to worry."

But Mrs. Fernlet was not so easy.

"Perhaps we were," she replied. "Still you know one never can tell."

During the next few days she found herself wondering if there was about Estelle's manner a subtle something that she had never noticed before. She kept her own counsel, however, and waited for developments.

They came in due time. One evening a week later, as they were all seated in the library upstairs, Mr. Fernlet reading aloud, the sound of the door bell rose up to them.

"Who can that be?" said Mrs. Fernlet.

"Perhaps cousin Jim," said Mr. Fernlet.

Estelle's face flushed, but she said nothing.

The maid, solemn and discreet, entered with a card on a tray. She walked over to Estelle.

"For you, miss."

Estelle took up the card.

"Oh yes, very well, Susan."

Estelle's manner was constrained and self-conscious. As Susan retreated both her parents, become rigid with the suddenness of the shock, turned to her at once.

"Who is it, Estelle dear?" asked her mother, with trembling voice.

Estelle handed her the card. It read:

.....  
Mr. Julius Stone.  
.....

"One of the young men I met at the picnic, mamma," she replied, in an obvious attempt at indifference.

"Did you ask him to call?" inquired her father. His voice also trembled.

"I believe so. That is, he spoke of it, and—I said—he might."

Mr. Fernlet rose to his feet.

"The young scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "I shall tell him to leave the house at once."

"Oh no, you mustn't! Please don't, papa." Estelle put her hand appealingly on her father's arm.

"He's a nice young man. He is a gentleman—really he is. He was quite polite to me. I—"

Mrs. Fernlet rose to her feet.

"No, William," she said to her husband, ignoring Estelle's anxiety. "I will see him. I will tell him that he is an intruder. I will—"

At this instant her eyes wandered from Mr. Fernlet's to that of her daughter's, and the sight made her stop suddenly. Estelle's eyes were blazing with deep indignation.

"No, mamma!" she cried, "you will do nothing of the sort. He came at my invitation. I will not have him treated rudely. He is a nice young man. He meant no harm, I'm sure. Other girls have young men call on them. I don't see why I can't. I hope I have some pride. I shall certainly see him at once, and I shall treat him politely, and you needn't interrupt us, either!"

Before her astonished parents had time to reply she had gone, leaving them facing each other in absolute consternation. It was a terrible moment. Their worst fears had come to be realized.

Mr. Fernlet was the first to speak.

"My dear," he whispered; "I fear we have made a mistake. I forgot myself. I was taken off my guard. It will never do to oppose her. It will only make the matter worse."

As for Mrs. Fernlet, she permitted her sense of feminine triumph, even in this terrible crisis, to assert itself.

"I told you so!" she exclaimed. "I knew Estelle had something on her mind. But you are right. If we oppose her she may deceive us. Still we must protect her, we must—"

She took hold of her husband's hand and led him silently into the upper hall. They both leaned over the banisters, straining their ears to hear.

From below there was the sound of voices, rising and falling softly. Then there was silence. Then without warning the sound of the piano came up to them. Estelle was playing.

Both faces relaxed. A look of relief came over them. They crept back to the library.

"As long as she's playing," said Mr. Fernlet, "it's all right."

It was a great comfort to him now to reflect that Estelle's music had cost him so much.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fernlet, "but it may not be for long. It's stopped now. No, there it goes again."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mr. Fernlet. "But meanwhile, my dear, it will not do to oppose Estelle. That might only make matters worse."

"That's the trouble. I realize that."

Ten o'clock came. The piano had kept up intermittently during the evening, and like a barometer of hopes and fears, had kept the poor parents on the *qui vive*. Then they heard voices in the hall, heard the front door shut, and Estelle came up, in her face an inscrutable something that kept them silent.

"My dear," said Mr. Fernlet to his wife, as they retired for the night, "we shall have to submit to the inevitable."

"There seems nothing else to do. Let us put our trust in Providence."

A few evenings later Mr. Stone called again.

The piano playing kept up. But the application wasn't so steady as on the first evening. Indeed, there were silent periods of some length, when the hearts of the troubled parents stood still in their great fear.

Finally the evening came when there was no piano playing. For some time they sat in the library, silent and thoughtful. Then Mr. Fernlet rose.

"It's no use, dear," he said. "I cannot stand it. I'm going downstairs to see what is going on."

*This story is continued on page 155*

# Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

"Onyx"



Look for this

Hosiery

Trade-Mark

Stamped on every pair

will make your vacation-time doubly enjoyable; beautiful in design and color, they please both the eye and senses; made of good, honest yarns, they wear well; there is no haunting fear of unwelcome holes appearing at critical moments, the comforting assurance of their reliability adds immeasurably to your contentment. Every pair has our trade-mark. Ask for the "ONYX" Brand, and get the full hosiery value that you are entitled to. Try the following numbers which have become famous throughout the country.

### For Women



**109/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black Sea Island Gauze Cotton; spliced sole. 30c. per pair.

**151/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Gauze Cotton, Garter top; spliced heel, sole and toe. 30c. per pair.

**599/S.** Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Lisle, Garter top, spliced selvage, reinforced heel and toe; unusual value; delightful weight. 30c. per pair.

**310/13.** Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Four-Thread Lisle, superior quality, wear-resisting, 30c. per pair.

*Silk Lisle Hosiery  
Feels Like Silk—  
Looks Like Silk  
Wears Better Than  
Silk*

**409/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Silk Lisle, gauze weight; soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole; spliced heel; 30c. per pair.

### Out Size Lisle Hose

**121/9.** Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Gauze Lisle extra size—a spliced sole, heel and toe; reinforced garter top. 50c. per pair.

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### Special Value

**No. 106.** Pure thread silk, Black, White, Tan, Oxblood, Copenhagen Blue, London Smoke, Paris Tan, American Beauty, Pongee—all colors to match shoes or gown—unquestionably the best value in America—pure dye. Every pair guaranteed. Price, \$2.25 per pair.

### For Men

**E/310.** Black and Colored Lisle, Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four Threads all over. The only Lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c. per pair.

**F/325.** Men's Black and Colored Silk Lisle, every desirable shade, a soft, lustrous, silky hose. Exceptionally satisfactory. 50c. per pair.

Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer or write Dept. M. We will direct you to nearest dealer, or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

Broadway      New York



## THE STEINWAY PIANO

### At the Courts of the Old World

The supremacy of the Steinway Piano is unquestioned. Its fame is spread broadcast all over the globe. Its status wherever music holds sway is that of premiership.

Search the annals of the world and no other house in any line can be found that has been distinguished by such an array of honors. The Royal and Imperial Houses of the Old World have nearly all signally honored the House of Steinway by appointment as Pianoforte Manufacturers to their respective courts.

Two such royal appointments have been just recently made: H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitsch (brother of the present Czar of Russia) having designated Steinway & Sons by royal warrants as their official piano manufacturers.

Such recognition can be the result of but one thing—the International Supremacy of the Steinway Piano.

That the Steinway represents the highest achievement in piano construction ever attained is self-evident.

For your own satisfaction examine a Steinway Miniature Grand (Price \$800) or a Steinway Vertegrand (Price \$550), ebonized cases.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 7th  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8th  
Beverwyck Steeplechase Handicap  
Saratoga Special

MONDAY, AUGUST 10th  
Overnight Events

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11th  
Travers

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12th  
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 13th  
Saratoga Cup

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Both parents tiptoed out into the hall. They slipped noiselessly down the carpeted stairs. In the gloom of the lower corridor, before the door leading into the back parlor, they both stopped, holding each other's hands, and listened.

Silence within—a deathly, uncanny, businesslike silence. All at once Mr. Fernlet pressed his wife's hand with a fierce grip.

Yes, it was unmistakable. There was no doubt about that sound. It was a chirp, distinct, soulful, complete.

It was followed by another—and another.

"Estelle!"

Before his wife could restrain him Mr. Fernlet's voice chipped out, sharp and clear. There was a hurried movement within; the door was thrown open and Estelle stood before them, her face flushed and, it must be confessed, her hair not in that beautiful order that it had been early in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fernlet advanced into the room. Mr. Fernlet, thoroughly aroused, his parental feeling stirred to the depths, paused in front of Mr. Julius Stone, who had partly arisen, and stood looking him in the eye.

He was not a bad looking young fellow. At any rate there was no fear manifested in his attitude.

"Young man," said Fernlet, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm making love to your daughter."

"By what right?"

Estelle came forward between the two.

"Because I wanted him to," she replied. "Papa, I'm ashamed of you."

"Do you think it's right for this young man to come here and deliberately try to get you away from us without as much as asking by your leave?"

Estelle's eyes blazed again.

"Yes, I do," she replied. "I think it's perfectly right under the circumstances. You've kept me in all you could, anyway, until I just couldn't stand it any longer. It's your fault. You haven't treated me right and I'm going to marry Mr. Stone.

"Haven't we always been good to you?"

"No. You wanted to keep me all to yourselves—and it isn't right. I couldn't help it. Mr. Stone has been good to me, and, and—"

She put her hand out. Julius grabbed it fiercely.

"We love each other," she said simply.

"You shall, dear, you shall," sobbed her mother, pressing forward and throwing her arms about her neck. "I know just how you feel. Only—" She turned and looked at her future son-in-law critically.

"Are you good enough for her?" she asked.

"No," replied Julius, humbly.

Mr. Fernlet's face relaxed. It was a hard blow, but there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

"How do I know," he asked, "whether you are a fit companion for my girl? I know nothing about you."

"But I do, papa." It was the voice of Estelle.

"She knows," replied Julius. "She's been looking me up."

"What do you mean?"

Estelle spoke again. "While you thought I was taking my music lessons for the past three days," she said, "I've been looking up Mr. Stone. I found out all about his business, and as much as I could about his habits, and after the most careful consideration I came to the conclusion that he would make a splendid husband."

"Yes, she did," replied Julius. "I had to run the gauntlet, I can tell you."

Her father, in his voice a new note of contrition, went over and put his arms around her.

"That should have been my duty," he said. "Estelle dear, why did you not come to me?"

"Because I saw that you were afraid to trust me, and why should I trust you? Besides—" she smiled almost sadly, "it made me angry," she said, "to think that you had never given me an opportunity to see any young men, and it was so hard to know how to manage one—all at once."

"Well," said Julius, smilingly, "you succeeded, all right."

Mr. Fernlet, his voice tremulous, drew them together and put their hands in each other's. Then he turned to his wife. "My dear," he said, "she seems to have gotten the right man. But if she has, I guess it's more good luck on our part than good management."

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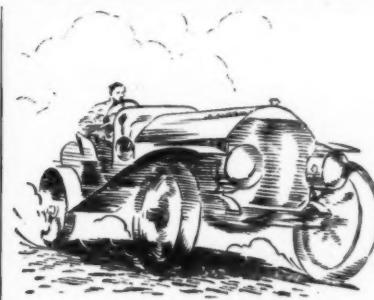
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LIFE

# AUT SCISSIONS AUT NULLUS



## UNWISELY CONTINUED

JUDGE: Have you been arrested before?

PRISONER: No, sir.

JUDGE: Have you been in this court before?

PRISONER: No, sir.

JUDGE: Are you certain?

PRISONER: I am, sir.

JUDGE: Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?

PRISONER: I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—*Harper's Weekly*.

SAPLEIGH: A bwick fell from a building two yeahs ago and knocked me senseless.

MISS CAUSTIQUE: Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?—*Chicago Daily News*.

## THE YANKEE CHARACTER

A New England clergyman was taking breakfast one Sunday morning in a hotel in a little Western town. A rough old fellow across the table called over to him: "Goin' to the races, stranger?" The clergyman replied: "I don't expect to." "Goin' to the ball game?" "No." "Well, where are you goin'?" "I'm going to church." "Where do you come from?" "New England." "Oh, that explains it! That's where they keep the Sabbath and every other blamed thing they can lay their hands on."—*The Argonaut*.

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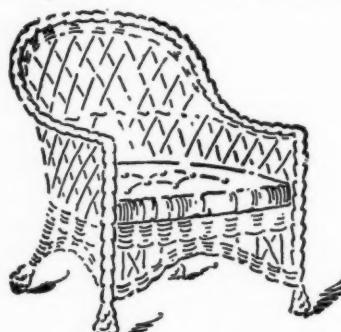
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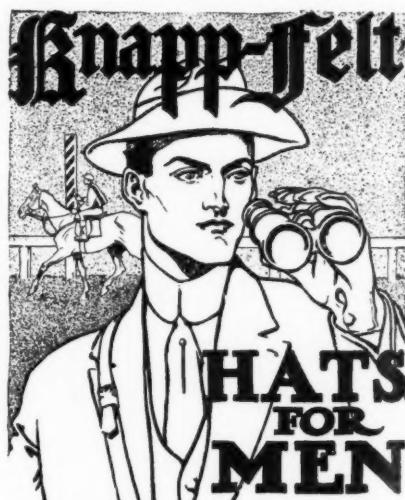


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## VISIBLE TALK

In this imperfect world beauty and wit, as everybody knows, are not inseparable companions. Mr. Swinburne has said as much, and more, in Chastelard, and he has pointed out that men of brains can very easily love women who are without them. Nevertheless some critics cease not to wonder.

One day recently, for example, an intimate friend of William Vaughn Moody was inquiring of that poet and dramatist how it was that he could pass an hour at the side of a certain Chicago debutante.

"Moody," he moaned, "how do you stand it?"

"Why," replied Moody, "she is one of the most beautiful young girls I have ever seen."

"Surely," replied the friend; "but she is really nothing more nor less than a loquacious simpleton."

"I know it," the dramatist admitted; "but," he added, "I love to see her talk."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## AN EARLY MILLAIS CRITIC

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eying the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

## A FEMININE VIEW

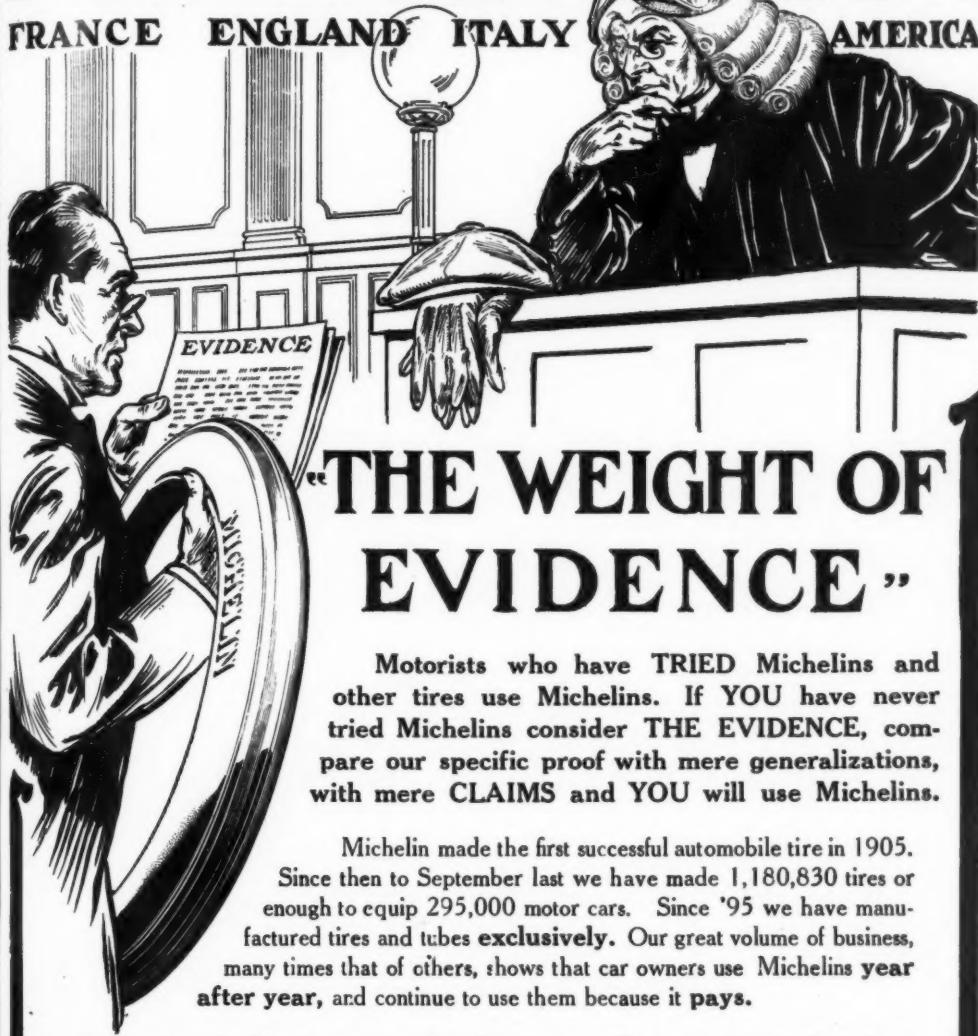
"One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," observed the moralizer.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. Gossyp.—*Lipincott's*.

LIFE

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## ARNICA TOOTH SOAP





VERY NICELY TURNED

MISS PASSY: Oh, it's very good of you, Captain, to invite me for the first waltz.

THE CAPTAIN: Don't mention it, ma'am. This is a charity ball.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

FOOD FOR ALL

After a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the court-room, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury-room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

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THEIR GAME

A poor lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late and I am you."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

A GENTLE HINT

Charity workers often feel great awkwardness in making public appeals for funds.

Few of them, declares the *Washington Star*, can carry off that embarrassment with the grace of the colored preacher, who said to his congregation:

"Brudren, Ah kain't preach hyah an' board in heb'n."—*Youth's Companion*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

CLEVER NOAH

BROWN: I say, Jones, can you tell me who was the greatest financier that ever lived?

JONES: No, I can't.

BROWN: Well, it was Noah.

JONES: How do you make that out?

BROWN: Well, Noah was able to float a company when the whole world was in liquidation. See?—*Philippine's Gossip*.

AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD

JEWELER: You say the inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring is to be, "Marcellus to Irene"?

YOUNG MAN (somewhat embarrassed): Yes, that's right. But—er—don't cut the "Irene" very deep.—*Harper's Weekly*.

STILL STRUGGLING

"Well, you are no longer poor and struggling."

"You're only half right. We are rich, but still struggling. My wife has the society craze."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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"The boss patted me on the shoulder and smiled in a kindly fashion.

"'I have no fear, Jones,' he interrupted; 'if you continue to do your duty faithfully your salary will not be reduced.' "—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

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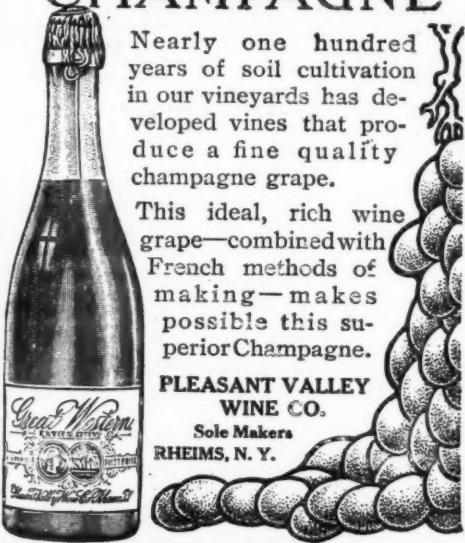
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A HUMORIST IN THE BUD

A teacher in a New York public school where the pupils are mostly foreigners never took much notice of the boy until she discovered that there was a lot of fun hidden behind his quiet, demure face. What happened then she tells in the *Sun*:

In the English work I often give my pupils half of a story, and ask them to finish it in their own way. I did that yesterday.

I told them about a little girl named Elizabeth, who started out one morning with the resolve that she was going to be as good all day long as if it were Sunday. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her that little girls should behave as if every day were Sunday, not put on their kind and polite manners only when they put on their Sunday dresses. So when Elizabeth put on her school dress, she resolved that she was going to be very good all day.

She had not gone very far—only to the first corner—when she saw another little girl standing there, crying.

That is where I left the story for them to finish. They were to tell what Elizabeth did. This is the way the most serious boy in school completed the plot:

"Elizabeth saw the little girl crying, so she went up to her and asked her what was the matter."

"I had two quarters," sobbed the little girl, "and a big boy took one of them away!"

"Oh, that is too bad!" said Elizabeth. "What did you do?"

"Oh, I cried, 'Help! Help!' just like that," said the little girl.

"Why, is that all the loud you called it?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Yes," replied the little girl. "I have a bad cold and can't call any louder than that."

"So Elizabeth took the other quarter away from her."—*Youth's Companion*.

A KISSING ACQUAINTANCE

As the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate, was walking along a Boston street last summer, in company with a friend, he was suddenly accosted most familiarly and affectionately by a woman who, without further warning, proceeded to throw her arms round his neck and kiss him on both cheeks.

Then followed a brief conversation—gushing on the woman's part, guarded on Dr. Hale's, who confined himself to discreet inquiries as to the welfare of the woman's family; were they well?—and living in the same place?—and so forth.

Finally the woman tore herself away, and the venerable divine turned to his companion:

"I should have been glad to introduce you, but I did not know the lady's name," he said, with his gentle smile. "To tell the truth," he added reflectively, "I didn't even know I had a kissing acquaintance with her."—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE FINISH

"What do you think the finish of the campaign will be?"

"I suppose," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "it will be the usual finish, with one side talking about virtue triumphant and the other making dark hints about fraud."—*Washington Star*.

A POOR TIME FOR RISKS

There was a sudden change in the wind, and the pastor of the Mount Zion Chapel saw that some of his parishioners drew their wraps about their shoulders. He paused in his sermon.

"Brudder Wilding," he said, raising his voice and waking the old sexton from peaceful slumbers in the rear pew. "Brudder Wilding, be kind enough to close all de winders on de eas' side ob de church. De wind has come round, an' we cyan't afford to lose a single lamb from dis fold by carelessness, wid an outstanding debt on dis chapel, an' two families moved out ob town."—*Youth's Companion*.

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# LIFE



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## MEDICAL AND SURGICAL RESEARCH

### Have We Progressed?

BY WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D.

The earliest records of surgery are found in the Hindu writings. Susruta describes more than 100 surgical instruments made of steel. They were to have good handles, firm joints, were to be well polished, sharp enough to divide a hair; and such were their views of asepsis (which is supposed to be an entirely modern idea) that those early writings demanded that the instruments were to be perfectly clean, and kept in flannel in a box. Splints, bandages, catheters, syringes, specula, lancets of various shapes—in fact, most of the instruments used in modern surgery—were in use at least 3,000 years ago.

Fractures were diagnosed as they are now. Dislocations were reduced in similar fashion. Wounds were classified just as at present. Cuts were sown and iron particles were drawn out of wounds by magnets. We could have given no points in the treatment of inflammation. Poulticing and fomenting were done just as we do them now. Amputations were performed in spite of the bleeding, which was stopped by the application of boiling oil or pitch. Tumors and glands were cut out. Hydrocephalus was tapped with a trocar, and even ruptures operated upon. Abdominal operations were performed, and even stones removed from internal organs. Cataract was extracted from the eye, and even artificial noses were made by taking portions of skin from the adjoining cheek. Some of the most intricate operations in obstetrics, which are the pride of the modern surgeon, were performed by these ancient Eastern peoples long ere the dawn of the Christian era.—Extract from an article in the *London Abolitionist*.

### LIKELY TO CUT OFF ANYBODY'S LEG

A short time ago a surgeon had three leg amputations in a week. The unusual number caused talk in the surgeon's household, and his little daughter, Dorothy, was greatly interested. A few days after the last operation the surgeon's wife and little Dorothy were rummaging in the attic. In a trunk was found a daguerreotype depicting a girl about eight years of age. The portrait, through a peculiarity of pose, showed only one leg of the subject, the other being doubled up under her.

"Whose picture is that, mama?" asked Dorothy.

"Mine. It was taken when I was a child not much older than you are now."

"Did you know papa then?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"I thought maybe you did, 'cause you've only got one leg."—*The Delineator*.

### IN EGYPT

Setting out upon the ride to the pyramids, the tourists approached a quartet of saddled camels waiting before the hotel.

"English?" asked a driver brokenly, greeting the tourist with the foghorn on his watch chain.

"Yes."

"All right, sir. You can take Chamberlain here."

Meanwhile another driver had found a German in the party and given him Bismarck, and a third has located a Frenchman and helped him to the back of Napoleon.

The fourth tourist puzzled them. He was a small man in glasses.

"Where from?" asked one of the Moors.

"United States," the traveler answered.

The swarthy Mohammedan regarded him in the utmost perplexity. Finally he joined the other three and they all studied him closely and whispered.

"Oh, don't let that bother you," the tourist said, "I'll ride on Roosevelt here."

His driver at once assented, beaming with relief.

"We no forget the name," he said. "We afraid you might be Mr. Harriman."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

### PLENTY OF TIME

"Give me a little time," said the literary young man, according to *Speed*, "and I will do something to arouse the country."

Three months later he had his chance. He was peddling alarm clocks in a farming community.—*Youth's Companion*.

What difference does it make—isn't a business letter just the same on foolscap? The wording is the same, but the effect may be different; and the vital thing in a business letter is its effect. The scale is often turned by a momentary pleasure.

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THE LOVE SONG

(It is said that the men of to-day are far less passionate in their love-making than their ancestors.)

I love you, or at least I think

That very possibly I do;

In common honesty I shrink

From statements not precisely true,

But still it's safe to say I'm pretty fond of you.

I cannot swear a mighty oath

To worship blindly till I die,

In fact I should be rather loath

To form so very rash a tie,

Unless I knew a most substantial reason why.

I shall not, with a valiant air,

Pour out my life-blood for your good,

Nor even boastfully declare

That if I had the chance I would,

Because, to tell the truth, I hardly think I should.

No knightly deeds have I to do,

And no impassioned words to say;

Still, I should like to marry you,

If you will tell me that I may,

And also kindly name the most convenient day.

I can't explain the thing, you know

(They used to tell us Love was blind),

But since it happens to be so

Forgive my weakness, and be kind,

Or, if you're not that way disposed—well, never mind!

—Argonaut.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

The other night, when a Bryn Mawr man was putting his four-year-old daughter to bed the following dialogue took place:

"Can God hear what I say now?" from the daughter.

"Yes," replied the father.

This time in a whisper: "Did He hear then?" inquired the daughter.

"Yes. He hears you just the same," was the reply.

This time apparently lower: "Did He hear me then?" asked the child.

"Why, yes, of course He does," said the father.

"Well, I did not say anything that time at all," declared the child in triumph.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"What did you mean by this poem?" inquired a delegation of admirers. "I didn't mean anything," answered the great poet, frankly. "I wrote that poem for a monthly magazine. I did not expect it to be published in a book collection."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A CHILD'S TRIBUTE

A Cleveland man who loves the folklore stories of Joel Chandler Harris and has taught his little girl to love them, too, told the child last Sunday that "Uncle Remus" was dead.

He noticed a little later that the child was unusually quiet.

Presently he called to her.

"What is it, dearie?" he asked; "what's bothering you?"

"It's 'bout Uncle Remus, daddy," she answered, and there was a little catch in her voice; "I was des thinkin' how awful sorry Br'er Rabbit must be!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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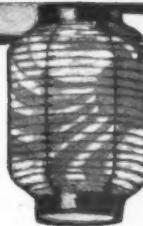
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